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THE ROSE AND THE RING.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Bertha was counting her beautiful baby
White her face was seen with a cluster of roses:
Showry she twisted each rosy curl,
Showly she braided each bonny foil;
Brightly she watched the sunbeams play
Through the tangled curving of golden grain;
Over the lapse's snowbank ray,
All the beautiful in a wonderful way;
Then down at the shadowy sad mended shoe,
As the pain came down and the sense of woe;
On the little pitiful hill with care
Wondered and wept the mother's prayer;
Then back with the sunshine glance again
To his coming glory and source of her present pain.

Before [illegible] she was with the dew of May
And a [illegible] morning summer of light,
That [illegible] fragrant petals white;
[illegible] was that hill her bread,
[illegible] he were its sinning rose!
[illegible] never had the heart to
[illegible] her folded hair
[illegible] she had a jeweled key,
[illegible] the hidden of perfumed
[illegible] whispered with fragrant breath
[illegible] love, and so death.

So tried the ring, and a woman's smile
For a trembling grasp in her eye the while;
Also held the rose with a softer green,
In white leaves and he but looking here;
Then kissed it softly, and softly said
"Why! I had thought the rose was dead:
It must die to-night. Poor rose! good-bye!"
Wondered and thought you and me,
O, for the glory that was not being,
Loving the fresher, yet choose the ring."

* * * *

Long years went by, then a dying one
Claims, as Colonel now upon earth;
Through the falling leaves to the cottage door,
Where the rose and the ring before
The first rose, to love of pain,
Grimmed as of old in the glass again;
The ring had mounted her its promised hour,
But its power to charm her had vanished soon.
There came a time when waterfowl,
So she longed for the graceful softness,
And came to die.

* * * *

He the rose and the ring,
The heart in the wayside brawl was cold;
Yet over it not far a golden shell,
Which had gracious a tender secret well;
For over his [illegible]
Was [illegible]

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LIV.

A NIGHT AND A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The first step had been taken. But it might be called a step away from danger, rather than a step toward safety. They were safe at least from the peril of waters. On looking back, from the point of view, they seemed to have come over a long ridge, sloping toward the gulf from a lateral ravine, sloping toward the gulf from which they had just escaped. There was a depression in the rocks, a kind of rude channel, that formerly did not pursue a straight slope course, but zigzagged in such a manner that a very strong and agile man might climb to the summit. Had Pete only himself to rescue he would have gone up almost as quickly as a crow could. But his own safety without the rescue of Barton would have been a great disaster to his simple, faithful soul.

Laying his burden quickly down, Pete began to explore the way. He soon ascended to the [illegible] point, from which point where even Pete Sarnill, with the strength of three men, could not have conveyed himself and Barton too. In so far as mere lifting was concerned, Pete could have carried Barton as easily on a bear could carry her cub in her mouth. But to lift and spring up to the place, with the dead weight of a sick man upon him, transcended even Pete's power. And Barton have helped himself enough to sling around Pete, it would have bettered matters. But he was worn with the battle for two days and two nights, his wounds, and the exposure to cold and rain among the rocks that night, had now rendered Barton quite helpless, and Pete was even afraid he might die on his hands.

After surveying the several sides and selecting the most feasible, Pete returned to Barton and slowly and with extreme difficulty and labor, him, little by little, to a point more than half way to the summit. But now he was brought by an obstacle that seemed literally to bar his progress. On every side but one rose a perpendicular face of rock. But on the right a projection overhung with rock was formed of some stunted trees in a way that Pete could but have the use of both arms and feet, he could easily ascend. But how to hold on to Barton and climb with but one hand! At length, Pete's ingenuity vanquished that difficulty. Barton seemed like a dying man. He seemed when any violent exertion stirred up his pains. He was quite helpless. Pete first tried by passing his arm about him to hold Barton to his own breast. That would not do. He then attempted to loop the sash under Barton's arms, and to pass the other part over his own neck. Both endeavors failed for the same reason. Barton hung down so low that he was quite unmanageable. At length, an idea struck Pete. Whether it was an instinct derived from his pre-existing state, whether Pete must have been a stalwart bear, or whether he remembered that animals carry their young in their mouths, or whether, still more probably, he remembered the position which he had himself held from the ugly, in Harwood, for lifting men off from the ground with his teeth, he determined to bring a new force into play that would still leave him the full use of his hands and feet. Winding the sash tightly round his right hand, Pete, then set her arms, he seized it with his mouth, and, straightening himself up, he found that Barton's feet fairly cleared the ground. He now, with his arms and legs free, could easily ascend. Only climb was that Barton was thus compelled, two pair of eyes were peering out from above upon him, with an expression that looked so good.

"What dat, Sam? Look a dar—what dat, I say?"

"Oh, Lord, I think he be bar!"

"I bar sure I is. I think I be debbil—catch a sinner—gwine to eat him up—oh, lord-o-mercy!"

"Shut up, nigger! I know what ee be! It's a reb. Don't you see him's cloth? He's in bar. Let's get some rocks, nigger, and try to hit dat feller under here, I smash 'im head!"

Pete had come to the very close energies, and our story would have had an abrupt termination had not the more intelligent of the two negroes above observed something in the circumstances. Pete had down his load, and therefore he could then be at first supposed. Whereupon, a parley ensued.

"Say, you, be better stop!"

Pete, though surprised, heard to every direction. His language, but would see no misunderstanding of his meaning.

"What's that?" said the other, interrupting his help at hand, he added: "Where are you? Jim come and help your nigger! I'm afraid he's the general will die."

Two negroes descended from the bushes on the summit above him, the one looking cautiously and the other with more than his usual [illegible]

"Who be dat? Wot you got dar? Rebel?"

"No, it is Quarmy, Colonel Ellis Barton, sir!"

We got away from the rebs last night. He's very badly wounded. Can't you help me a little now?"

"You wait now, I tell ye! Sam, you go for Massa Jacob, quick."

It was not more than ten minutes, though to Pete it seemed hours, before Jacob appeared on the form of a tall, strong, powerful man, of twenty-two years of age. His hair was coarse and curling, worked into a thick mass rather rough; but his speech at once betrayed him of the education and position of Friends, or, as the world will have it, Quakers.

"Friend, I am informed that Colton or rebel, a wounded man must go down to the village. I am not in the habit of making war, and I have never soon had made a fire but enough was made to cook my food. Pete was at the summit quite as soon. A rude but, built originally by smugglers, and now used by the negroes, was the nearest place of refuge. Here Barton was carried, and the wounded at the battle of Antietam. He had been carried to the hospital, where, after many days, a load of various comforts for the wounded. Here, too, Pete was to be left, but devote himself to the work of humanity, being ignorant of the circumstances that were in operation in the mountains.

Barton's wounds were at once cleansed and bound afresh. Pete was prepared. The young Friend put his own cool on the fire, wrapping himself in a blanket.

It was still dark when Barton Calhoun to recognize master. Wounded twice upon Friday evening, he was brought down to Friday morning. The additional wound on making his escape from the rebel camp, the fatigue, loss of Pete, by which he was dragged through the rocks and the woods, had left him exhausted. He had without stimulants, all this had brought him down to such weakness that he seemed likely to sink away of mere exhaustion. His pulse was very low, his skin cold, and his whole system very low. Jacob Hetherington was alarmed. He knew wounds and exposure were likely to be mortal. If the ball had sunk deep within his heart, and all his appearance indicated the approach of this catastrophe. Even if no further ill had been rendered, much was to be feared from inflammation, and he was to be more than a professional lover.

Jacob Hetherington was a rigid temperance man, as also was his father, and the young man possessed much a reformer's check, a zeal to spread the use sustained with morbid blood, that he was a walking commemoration of abstinence. As Jacob not given to violence, yet, if any one had doubted whether a "total abstinence" man was strong, he had only to repair to some green and grassy spot for a wrestling bout, and every doubt would disappear! Jacob was well satisfied with his own principles and practice; and yet, when he looked on condition he sorely regretted that Barton had ever engaged in his cause. Somebody of course must be sent to the village. He had strictly forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks among the father's friend men, and now, he would have given a river full of cold water for a pint of whiskey, and a drop was to be had. Jacob questioned Pete on the subject.

"Wal, I brought a flask along but when I [illegible]

TWO HOOKS MADE OF WOOD FROM THE BUSHES, ON THE SUMMIT ABOVE HIM.

turned to the other, and [illegible] he had not [illegible] flask, and see he, "Ah, nigger, this jacket pious is very dangerous. Somebody [illegible] I'm afraid that you must smell whiskey. He may is for want of whiskey. I'm afraid that you waste will suffer for want of stimulants. He may is for want of a gill of brandy."

Pete was a good deal troubled.

"Why don't you give 'im whiskey?" Our folks give was whiskey when so hungry out and cold."

"I have no whiskey. There I none to give. None of my men ever touch it"

"Spose you just ask 'em. Maybe some on 'em got it accidental like."

Jacob had no hope in the matter. He ordered had been peregrinary. He knew the his men not to touch it. Besides he did not believe that could use whiskey and he not perceived. Yet he was a good deal troubled.

"Have any of you got a little whiskey?" They all looked toward Jacob.—No, one of them!

This gentleman will die on our hands! Ezra unless I can procure some immediately-for Sam, I think you had better go down to the settlement—you might even take one of the rebs—and get a flask of whiskey. I will give you a dollar for it."

Great as was Jacob's aversion to whiskey, he had a yet more terrible dread of rebel sullens. Anything rather than venture down where he might be caught. Indeed, the urgency of the case seems in Sam's memory nothing less than a [illegible]

"Wal, wal, I remember, dat Dutchman lar night, had a bottle. I see him drink wine, and dey be lots more in dat rebs' rock. He wake me to drink—course I wouldn't, 'case I knew was whiskey."

Pete was impatient.

"Why, you be, you nigger, in lyin' so! If you've got a bottle, you go git it or I break your head."

Pete's tone had more efficacious than-say.

For Pete had had a pull at that bottle-Sam, indeed, had taken a drink. He only proceeded the amount of contents left. All the of the colored men had tasted it, and relished him hurried themselves.

Sam was accordingly hearing a junk bottle which a colt served as a cork. He seemed to be extremely gradatory in his motion. He stopped, and looked in to see if there was at bottom. He held it up to the sky for its same purpose. He smelt of it.

"Sam, you nigger, what upsets so! mighty be stuff," said Sam, with the most virtuous look of [illegible] that he had hit even agitation of this kind of [illegible] "Massa Jacob, he say, he [illegible] nebber let a niggs have um—put de debbil in de bottle."

The grave smile that lay upon Jacob's face in-and on whose shadow Sam's eye rested, had he had hit even agitation of this kind of [illegible] miracle of whiskey from the rocks, and of[illegible] as well to [illegible] Jacob's own [illegible] [illegible] he eagerly took it, turned out its contents—she [illegible] not stinker—into a tin cup of coffee.

"Better than none, but far from sufficient. He could give him some alcohol [illegible] Pete, but [illegible]

His master's wishes were a law to Sam—with much motion appended; he removed his search. And faith and diligence were rewarded. Sam Dutchman had hid another bottle in the same place. This, cunningly as he had hid it, he had the eyes found them.—Showing that he was the extreme natural effect of a Dutchman living in there, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

As soon as Barton had been [illegible] Jacob Hetherington, while [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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lenial city, where in no night, nor weariness, nor sorrow, nor even fatal insect may an always abide in those high daylights. The heart must come back to its nest.

Through all of Sunday, Rose Wentworth stayed in her room, alone. She was worn down without bringing darkness to her. Indeed, on the ninth, while the canoe were waking up, and Meader's chimney grew begun to creep out in pursuit, Rose dressed, consulted silence and day to meet Col. Frank Earl, who was hurrying for-ward to complete his regiment.

"Miss Wentworth—a thousand blessings on you! I knew that you hovered somewhere about here. General Calhoun told me of your presence. By the way, you have heard that he was wounded and taken?"

"I heard that he had fallen—that he was dead!"

"Dead, Miss Wentworth! dead! Upon my word, you're mistaken: it must be a false report. I was not far from him in the fight. Less him go in, and he and a dozen more men were grabbed up. They all was alive, and wounded, and a prisoner—I know for several of the men escaped during the night, who sent him within Lock lines, and, though little able to walk, yet he was not supposed wounded dangerously."

If Rose had been caught up by a whirlwind, or dropped down in the current of the swollen Rock creek, she could not have been more whirled about and bewildered than she was at this astounding news.

"And he—and he—and I—alive?—a prisoner?—alive! Oh, do not say such things! It must be not so! I cannot! Oh my God! Oh my God! Do not believe it!"

"Indeed, indeed," said Earl, moved by the intensity of her emotion, "I do truly assure you that Barton is alive, unless something has befallen him since he reached the enemy's lines. He was alive and not dangerously wounded on Saturday, and, if certain know'n are true, there is no reason to think that harm has befallen him since. I only wish you joy, and am heartily glad to surprise you with such good news. God bless you, my dear, and certainly said he put down to his horse and disappeared.

Rose stood like one dreaming. Then she started, as if to go to her patients. Suddenly she stopped and looked up to after Adam. Then, with another sudden change, she started to find her father, if she were withdrawal of some one. She had fallen down out of the clouds to her next guide more to the ground, and began to experience those gusts and whirls of feeling which sweep into every breast of human life. Then she was going first to the right and then to the left. Then she never met her.

"Well, Miss Rose, what's up? You look distressed like," said Adam, who had been watching some that won't do no good. We must all die. You know that. Our masters says we must, and did die, and so must you and I." Ah's a fact, and each to his time. But I dew feel for you, sho all. I tell you, Rose, there sins many isit that's worth the trouble."

"Oh Adam, Barton is not dead! Col. Earl says that he is alive. He's a prisoner, wounded and a prisoner."

"Well, now, that's wuth hearin'," said Hiram, proudly satisfied, but nothing in every sign of it, as if it was a sin to show his feelings. "But it's a pity to feel sad for nothin'; I reckon he'll habit cried every time Pre thought sart, and now his pain as many tears thrown away. Well, well, I vum, but it's jolly! that is, supposin' he is."

"Hiram, you must go with me to Legan Bridge," said Adam, and no left him, "I must be done imaginatory for five hours."

The old Negro turned to go in the direction Aggie spoke not a word. She stood firmly, listened to every sound, her face shining brighter with each confirmation. Then stepping to one side with her face toward the south, she stood for a while in prayer of thanksgiving. At length, lifting her apron for a handkerchief and wiping her eyes, she came back to Rose, with an intensity of feeling that sometimes escaped her, and threw arms about her and kissed her forehead.—"Rose, it is the Lord that speaks, and his word is all-sufficient. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Aliee was certainly glad, but joy had not room chance in her heart. Like planes that grow under chaos waves, it came up gain and flowered, could not blossom into laughter.

"Aggie," said Rose, "what shall be done? Will you look after my dear? I can do nothing. Father will be here directly."

"Child, what can you do? You must not go. Your father will be here soon. Stay where you are, and keep those about you from harm. I must go and seek Uncle Ned, who, probably, this is downright craziness." And then in a pitying tone—"I do believe you, though; and if anything could be done, I'd encourage it."

"Sharpshooters, and—and all the difficulties but none of the favorable chances, will not help Barton. He is a prisoner now, and will not be so common notice. I will go him. There is not storm enough in the sky, any water enough in the river," said Rose, looking on the turbulent stream before her, "to hinder me. A power that will help me: everything will give way to that omnipotent little ray spot. God is in it. I know that this purpose is out of man: He who kept Barton will help me to get to him."

Aggie was more convinced by Rose's appeal to God than by her own words. She saw in this then be nothing possible to her reason. The evidences of piety were more to her than the evidences of her own judgment.

"Rose, if God has called you to this work I don't doubt that he will open the way. But you ought to examine your heart and know whether this is of God, or whether you are deluded by your own affections! And, though we trust in Providence, it should always be in the use of means. Now let us sit down and see what can be done."

"I can go," said Rose. Hendie's knowledge and promise a letter which will give no access to General Lee.

"But, sir—that won't do—never to the world. Barton is a Virginian: before this time, you can't help him if he wants to ever so much."

"This I will go to Virginia. I will kill his prison."

"Suppose you did—you could not storm the prison. They wouldn't let you in nor Barton out. Do you really mean as long as all talking about such things, I guess."

"Then I'll be released. I will see every man in authority. Aggie, you need not discourage me. There is that within my heart that will make my way. I will rescue Barton, or I will die in the endeavor! I can do anything but easy here?"

It was now about the middle of the afternoon. The conference was broken up by a non-special event. Just as Aggie was about to reply to Rose, in came Pete Sawmill, making two or three jumps which a deer might envy, and then, in a transport of rude delight, he tumbled over and over, and rolled on the ground, as an extremely merry and jolly dog will do who finds his feelings far too great to be expressed by the mere wagging of his tongue at one end or his tail at the other.

When all that he had reduced his superabundant excitement to a more governable state, Pete took his master by the hand, bowed, and escaped; that he had got his safely into good quarters; that he had come over in a wagon after a wagon; that he had luckily stumbled on Dr. Hendrick, who was promptly going back with him; and that the doctor thought a mare had been to go out.

Rose said to Aggie—

"Do you not see that I was true? The Lord's hand has been in all this strange work."

"Rose, you have passed 'out-Agging' Aggie."

Full Hetherington had brought Pete over, taking care at the same time to fill his wagon with such comforts for the wounded as he could provide. Jacob Hetherington remained at home to superintend the descent of the cattle and horses from the mountain fastnesses. Paul extended his indifference quickly of the town by explaining that his best horses were hidden away. They were thirsty away from Georgetown, and across the very ground which was presently to be fought over. The rear guard had proceeded Pete pointed them to a field with such a precision that it was.

"There 'twas. There's where I found Pete grieved, dead and buried, sad alive."

Along road was now before them with wagons and guns and retreated. Broken wagons, dead animals, knapsacks, haversacks, were strewn along the way.

The whole region of Meader's army had closely followed, and was yet lying near Fairfield, where the battle of Gettysburg had begun, Barton's home.

It was once fairly on the road, Dr. Wentworth, who had not before seen Rose for more than a few minutes, said—

"I thought it likely that Agnes Hiendi would come; but I was glad to see you, Rose. You have hardly seen you for a moment."

"Father, I am going to Virginia. No one could have been permitted to go to Barton but me. I am going."

And with that she drew from her bosom Barton's letter, and put it into her father's hands.

Dr. Wentworth read it through—read it a second time, and then looked over the paper to his eyes. He put his arm gently and fondly about his daughter's neck, and said—

"I suppose you go to answer this, Rose?"

"Yes, father, I go to answer this and help spare us."

"I wish that she told her head upon her father's breast and burst into tears, and went through the common experiences of a girl. But, after such high and long-continued excitement, the reaction was not to be so. Her eyes drew out of the high and bright clouds, and her heart was no longer overflowing with full of hopes and fears, and she could think.

Dr. Wentworth sat with Rose on the front piazza, and the two talked quietly and earnestly. If one had watched, it might, possibly, have been seen that his tone and look and voice was slightly inclined, so that the merest glance of sympathy might have been caught. Sometimes, of course, might have entered his eye; but he was not demonstrative, and perhaps was not at all remarkable till they drew up the avenue of Hetherington's house. Then, as they came in full way from the road to the house, tears that now began to flow down his cheeks and his face. The fruit was ever abundant. See sun, ripening in the warm days through. Its leaves, and things stem with a kind of golden vapor. They seemed to be illuminated. Aggie, Calhoun stained and jerked their tails nervously, and Hiram's dog, Jupiter, was very wholly silent; cedar birds, jays, brown thrushes, and mocking-birds were in the trees. The fields, tired and few as the wagons went on, coming from the battle-ground, had a solemn and quiet open and shut to the passage of a silly.

"Father," said Rose, "I remember that the boys don't stone the birds in these grounds."

"No, Rose, they are not. They are to be thrown are cherry-stones. Then are many, many things that you don't know. Barton and Friends; but it is brought to us, even as the Gospel has been brought to us."

The dwelling-house, of dark gray stone, now stood in full view. It was not a large house, nor thereby, but by broad upon the ground, having two stories and a half. The roof was steep, and the gables were broad. It had a cupola and such modern addi, some in. One night was a wing, a kitchen, and other out-door structure, all around the house. Absence order and neatness, and a certain thrift in all things. Every place stood upright. Every stone was in its proper place. Every fence was erected to here ever fallen down; nothing was ever broken. The barn-yard was full not into one of the leaves upon the grass. The garden on the left of the house, with its vegetables, and contained its rows of culinary vegetables, without a single weed among them.

To Rose, who had so long been used to the disorder and waste of a slave-holding plantation, the excessive neatness on every hand presented a striking contrast. It pleased her, but little time had they for outward observation.

Martha Hetherington stood in the open porch, with her hands clasped before her.

"Thee are welcome home, Paul. The young man assured me that he was safe, and would come on a poor errand. Alight! Is this not Rose Wentworth?"

"It is my daughter," said Dr. Wentworth.

"Rose, my child, welcome to my house. Are you look suffered; and Martha tenderly helped her from the wagon, and took her in charge to her comely daughter.

"Martha, my child—"

"Yes, mother," said she, one saying.

"Thee and the other, "What, mother?"

Mrs. Hetherington smiled. "Is thy name Rose?"

"Yes, mother."

"And this is Rose Hetherington. Surely you could converse—we only subdued each other. Rose, my child, thee must go to bed. Thee needs to both, yet I know she would never marry rest. Martha, take her to thy room, and then thee enough to be the only child of one rich man and only child of one poor man."

It angered me, that knowledge. I felt that in having only enough than I could have been proud of being rich. I remember that day was so absurd a wrong to me that it was beyond laughter. I was angry with Providence, and the fault she pleased; on that score she had no right to think me a child.

A way she had of making me her friend so that I was not grieved to be rebuked. I was one who could by no means entertain any other thoughts than those of friendship, kind or not of all. I had rather that she had shunned me. She was always courteous now and then to kiss her.

This evening the romp was a wild one, and he mists a thunderstorm broke over Rockville, pelting rain pattered upon its roofs, and there came a hurried knocking at the door of the Widow Fleiter. Some one opened it.

"Forgive my want of ceremony," said a collared voice. "Really a man can't remember his manners when he is hurrying to save his skin. Joy I come in?"

And a stranger was ushered into our cabinet—a merry-looking young man in a black suit buttoned to the chin.

The Widow Fleiter acted the part of hostess in what was grave decorum. She informed the stranger that it was an cheap cloth' as standin', and he advised him to "take off his coat and dry it." Then she advised her domestic to "soon" and get some other and give the stranger some as well as the other gals and boys. Cider did its good, she proceeded, and set a jug and tumbler in the wooden chair in the corner.

The stranger did not "take off his coat," but he accepted the cider and joined in the romp.

I think it was Hiram who brought a fiddle with his little blackie eyes, and a mouth like one to be seen at the table, but it was the boy who first proposed a new game. I heard him shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Yes, we played it. It was great fun, and they were brought it like it was real. Presently-bloyed the bride after. "Twas as good as Thanksgivin'. Jupiter was there, and knew what fun is as well as we."

The stranger was resolved that there should be a bride and bridegroom, and, choosing a fine-looking girl, brought it, and the girls were all in fits. All would not do for either. Hiram's dog all denied the fact, the with was evident, and also he could have a right to the party, if it was to be decided by lot. Papers were dropped into a hat, and the stranger drew forth the name of Jupiter Dinkenbrush. She chose her bridesmaid and groomsman, and the dog was led to the parlor. Dresses stood away in the garret. Even Dame Fleiter' cowls and wallpaper stairs to help dress the bride. It was rare fun to all.

The dog would be no bridegroom. They left the choice to Christine before she left us. Christine refused to choose, but she did not refuse.

"I say, let me," he suggested, after a moment. "I am a stranger, and have no reputation to lose to me."

"No," she said. "Are you not honored? Have you not very pleased me the ceremony? Have you not been very kind to me? Have a courtesy under the roof, I know, and lace ruffles to the cuffs of your coat. Then, I will choose, or do no credit."

The stranger fastened away with her friends, and I felt a strange silent rage possess me. She had chosen another, and I had been present and not spoken upon the fact.

The dog's head was crowned any mental, and it been her pleasure—chosen me, when it was my right. I had been insulted, and I was not angry. I was a mockery of the hopeless dream of my life.

The gentleman who had sought shelter from the storm was Hendrick Hendrick.

"No doubt," he said. "It is a game I've played often."

"And it's fun, isn't it?" asked Hans.

"Sometimes," was the response.

"You be parson then. I'll be best man," said Hans. "Pfeifer rummaged in tall dresses and brought forth a surplice, which he put on over his jacket in pattern, in which I was arrayed.

The bridegroom and bride were behind the kitchen and met within the daughter of the glister, and the dog was led by Hans. Then we bowed before and we had awakened from the slumber of the dead.

Plump Pauline Pfeifer was bridesmaid. Hans Ill, and I was the groom. The dog I think it could not smile. My gravity seemed an eyes-sore to Hendrick Hendrick. Christine, with her hand in mine, gave me a strange look and seemed to be trying to read my heart, when she pulled her hand away suddenly.

"Oh, I forgot!" she said. "Pauline be the bride."

"But it is too late. You are dressed, and you drew the lot," said Hans.

"And they've not been to her place bedside," said Hendrick Hendrick.

The stranger knew the words by heart, and he recite without a book. Christine looked down to his eye. When the moment came for plighting troth, I saw her hand tremble, and heard the approaching dilemma. But I had a ring upon my little finger, and I was determined to use it, and I was. I drew it as I repeated, "With this ring I thee wed," and placed it upon the disrupted finger of the mimic bride.

I had never looked more tender than before, and the spirit was nearly at an end. Then came the blessing of the parson, and it was done.

The stranger knew the words by heart, and he recite without a book. Christine looked down to his eye. When the moment came for plighting troth, I saw her hand tremble, and heard the approaching dilemma. But I had a ring upon my little finger, and I was determined to use it, and I was. I drew it as I repeated, "With this ring I thee wed," and placed it upon the disrupted finger of the mimic bride.

I had never looked more tender than before, and the spirit was nearly at an end. Then came the blessing of the parson, and it was done.

I put my lips to hers. Both were cold as ice. Her hands extended to mine were cold as ice to my glost. But they writhed her away amidst and fallen to the floor. Hendrick Hendrick knelt beside me and Hendrick Hendrick.

"Oh, Christine!" I cried, "what have I done? I was going. I suppose you know you are actually married. Hendrick Hendrick, Hendrick Hendrick, Hendrick Hendrick, Hendrick Hendrick. Hendrick Hendrick, Hendrick Hendrick. Hendrick Hendrick, Hendrick Hendrick.

TWO LIVES.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

A brook went singing on its way
A liquid, sweet, half-uttered lay,
Thro' meadows with the primrose gay,
And woods that rang with song;
Where, thro' the branches overhead,
Their sheen with softer shadows wed,
The yellow sun his bright beams shed
The spring and summer long.

A child went wandering 'mid the flowers
That grew in pleasant garden bowers,
Unmindful of the golden hours,
And prattled all the while;
The sunbeams kissed his golden hair,
His dimpled face was far more fair
Than any flower that blossomed there,
And happy shone his smile.

The brook flowed on upon its way,
Singing its sweet, half-uttered lay,
As merry as a child at play,
The broad, rich valley through;
Till to a river, deep and wide,
That bore great ships upon its tide,
With busy towns on either side,
Its babbling waters grew.

The golden days of childhood past,
Bright boyhood's season flitted fast,
The child a man became at last;
And loud his clarion tongue
Uplifted through the land was heard,
Wide as the flight of untamed bird,
And on the utterance of each word
A waiting nation hung.

Oh, brothers in the field of strife,
With struggle and endeavor rife,
In this, the battle of our life,
Be valiant and be strong;
Stand firmly by the side of Right,
Put Error to the coward's flight;
However dark may be the fight,
It will not be for long.

"SCHOOLMARM, SIR."

BY KATE MERIDEN.

Rockside, my birthplace, was a grand old residence,—so all the tourists that have visited it have said; yet loving the grand and glorious in nature as I have always done, I was still a restless spirit, that had read enough of the great world beyond me to stimulate the wild dreams which I dreamed while roaming o'er the rocky cliffs or resting beneath the sighing pines of my father's forest.

That I might have gone on dreaming for an indefinite period there can be no doubt, had not a circumstance occurred which materially affected the tenor of my way.

A favorite uncle—my father's youngest brother—had come down to Rockside for a few days' hunting; and while returning with him from one of these equestrian pursuits, he spoke of the journey which he intended making to the far West, and in his gay mood asked how I would like to accompany him—hardly dreaming of the wild, restless spirit that needed only this incentive to spur it into action.

From that moment I gave my father no peace. Early and late I strove to gain his consent to my accompanying my uncle; and he at last consented.

"She'll be glad to get back to her old, sleepy pap, mark my words, Monnett," he said to my kind-hearted old nurse, who bent over the contents of a large, leathern trunk, endeavoring to crowd a goodly array of merinos, lawns, etc., in the smallest possible space. "She'll know how to value her home."

Without lingering over the details of our journey, I will merely say, that, tired and worn, we were glad to reach the rough clearing where my uncle intended to remain a short time.

I should have mentioned before that this clearing and several large tracts of land at a greater distance, were owned by him. The chief object of his journey westward was to make arrangements with the land agent, who resided at this place with a sister.

We found the rude cabin comfortable, if not grand; and perhaps never before, when surrounded with all the luxuries that money could procure, did I enjoy a meal more heartily than the venison steak and corn cake which now formed our repast.

Yet, among all our strange surroundings no person or circumstance attracted my attention so much as the mistress of the establishment—a sort of amazon beauty whom you could imagine looking well at all times and in all places; one who would entertain the most polished circle with becoming dignity, or would not scruple to drive the roughest team over the most difficult section of country.

A remarkable woman was Gentha Girt. But more of her hereafter.

Shortly after our meal we retired; and, much refreshed by a good night's rest, I arose the next morning, expecting to meet my uncle at breakfast; but he failed to make his appearance, and I found that he was suffering from severe headache, which, to our great alarm, was followed by a violent fever.

Now, I could perform tolerably on the piano, had accomplished sundry mats, etc., in Berlin wool, and gone so far as to mould the head of John the Baptist in wax; but never in my life—though numbering some seventeen years—had I done anything for a sick person; and so far as assistance from me in my uncle's necessity, or indeed any other, it was idle to think of it..

I looked upon Gentha Girt as a sort of miracle while she noiselessly performed the part of hostess, housekeeper and nurse—fearless of the dangers of the sick chamber, and unwearied in her efforts to please her patient.

It was plain to me that though I was treated with the kindest consideration, I was but a useless appendage to the household.

One morning, about six weeks after our arrival, I had been strolling on the prairie and through the dense forest which bounded the clearing on either side.

I returned to the cabin weary, and more dissatisfied with myself than ever; and the picture of my uncle, who was now convalescent, comfortably seated, while Miss Girt read aloud from one of the few gems of literature which the cabin could boast, did not tend to allay this feeling.

Without scarce heeding their kind salutation, I sank on a chair and took up a paper which some enterprising disciple of the printing art had started in our midst, and among other items read the following:

"Wanted—A School-marm. Inquire of Squire Digby, at Jones' clearing, between Bushwhack Village and Chunky Hollow."

"A schoolmarm!" I said to myself, musingly. "I can read, write, and cipher, not to mention my other accomplishments that might not be available in these western wilds. Why should I not obtain the position? And knowing that my uncle's illness had made the postponement of our return necessary, several months at least, I determined to make an application; and that evening, before retiring, I sat down in true heroine style, and penned a brief epistle to my uncle, wherein I disclosed my unhappy state of mind, and my determination to leave a place where I felt my presence was unnecessary.

This I gave to the miller, who lived on the place; and under the penalty of incurring my everlasting displeasure should he fail to comply with my request, he promised to deliver it to my uncle when I should have reached the scene of my labors.

The next morning, before my uncle had breakfasted, and while Miss Girt was giving directions to one of the workmen, I stole out of the cabin, and seating myself in the wagon, was driven by the miller down to Jones' clearing.

"Where ken the Squire be found?" he asked, addressing a middle-aged woman who stood wringing clothes from a tub in the doorway of a wretched-looking cabin.

"That's more'n I ken tell yer. Dick! Tom! Charley! Bill!" she called out. "Where's yer father gone this mornin'?"

"To 'tend the trial 'bout Slater's pigs," shouted Tom.

"No," contradicted Bill; "he's down on the school committee, or p'r'aps makin' of Gregor's clearin'."

"And where's the school-committee?" asked the miller.

"Let's see," continued Bill, scratching his head. "Slater's pig trial and the school committee are both down at Geary's store on the cross road."

"Then there's nothin' for it, Miss, but to drive down there."

Down to Geary's store we went. We found the Squire a short, thick-set man, with small twinkling blue eyes, and a profusion of sandy hair crowning his large *cranium*, standing on a butter tub, dispensing the law to a motley assemblage.

"And now, my friends," said the Squire, when "court" was done, "we've another matter of importance before us.—Ah! you there, Smellet!" he exclaimed, discovering the miller, who was vainly endeavoring to persuade me to return with him to my uncle's clearing. "What brought you down?"

"A matter ov business, Squire."

"Just so. What might it be?"

"I've heard you were in want ov a schoolmarm?"

"*Exactly*," returned the Squire, with an important air. "Have you any un to propose?"

"I've brought down the gentleman's niece, as owns our clearin'. I don't say it's with the advice of her uncle. She's taken a fancy to be a schoolmarm, an' as she's edicated, p'raps you'll give her a trial."

"Let the lady walk up."

I walked up, while the Squire continued with a flourish:

"I have the pleasure of introducing you, Miss, to this honorable body, and particularly to my friend, the visiting committee, Mr. Snivels. Mr. Snivels, the schoolmarm, sir."

Whereupon Mr. Snivels, the "visiting committee," made a few remarks, and after a short consultation between the Squire and himself, it was decided that I should have a trial.

"P'raps ye're aware, Miss, that the schoolmarm's to board 'round," Squire Digby said, coming up, as I stood gazing after the retreating figure of the miller.

I was not aware of this arrangement, nevertheless I followed the Squire, who further informed me that I would pass the first two weeks in his family, and led the way to the same wretched cabin that I had before visited.

"Mrs. Digby, I've brought the schoolmarm. Is supper a'most ready?" he asked, as we entered the low, smokey apartment.

Mrs. Digby had got through with her washing, but her humor had not been improved by the process.

"Supper's not ready, nor you needn't expect it this hour," she said, in an angry tone. "Maybe, young woman," she contiued, looking at me, "you can help tidy up this place a bit, for I'm worn out."

I glanced at my neat merino, then at my miserable surroundings, and sighed involuntarily.

"I see!" she exclaimed, "you are too fine for yer business. Hoty! toty! Miss, folks in these parts hev to work. If you don't like it, yer shouldn't hev come among 'em."

This last remark was not to be disregarded. I pinned up my sleeves, tied on a linen apron, and, to the best of my ability, endeavored to sweep the bare floor and arrange the rough, wooden furniture in something like order.

This accomplished, I ventured to inquire if I could be accommodated with water, soap and towel for my evening ablution.

"Hand down the skelet, Bill; and Tom, give her yer jacket to dry on. There's not another rag out ov the wash."

I thanked Tom, but refused the proffered jacket, and contrived to pour some water on my hands from a rusty bucket, and with one of my clean cambric handkerchiefs for a towel, I managed to make an indifferent toilet.

I might mention many instances in which I was made to feel the disagreeableness of my new position; but a few will suffice.

I should have told you before that my schoolroom was a rough shed, inferior to one used by my father to shelter his cattle in wet weather, and my pupils varying in age, from toddling babes of three and four years, who had been sent to the "schoolmarm" by their affectionate mothers for the purpose of relieving themselves from further care, to the great, gawky youths of the neighborhood.

One Thursday my school duties were over; I returned to my comfortless home to find a great bustle, and much running to and fro.

"You've just come in time," said Mrs. Digby. "Every one expects to be busy now that we're killin'. Just turn your hand to tryin' out that fat, and when the pork's cut up you can help salt it."

I had spent a wretched day; my pupils had been more refractory than usual; and a visit from Mr. Snivels, the "visiting committee," who was a coarse, ignorant man, had not added to my joys; and now as I stood bending over the bubbling pot, a vision of my father's drawing-room presented itself to my mind. What would he have said to my surroundings?—I the petted, spoiled child of fortune, who's slightest wish had once been a law, now succumbing to the coarse Mrs. Digby. Surely had I fallen from my high estate! In bitterness of spirit I almost resolved to return to my uncle. But pride forbade. I had no plausible excuse to offer for leaving him.

"I dunno as I told you, Miss, that I was expecting our John to supper. Stir that fat a little quicker."

I had not been informed of that particular fact; but our John, in reputation at least, was no stranger; for, in her moments of rare good-humor, Mrs. Digby had treated me to long versions of "our John;" and when the sandy-haired youth, who, with the exception of a pair of great goggle eyes, was the second edition of *pater familias*, sat down to supper, I saw before me the hope and pride of the Digby family.

It was evident that "our John," after his own fashion, had determined to make the acquaintance of the "Schoolmarm;" and dislike is a mild term to apply to the feeling with which I listened to his long dissertation on butchering, etc., which seemed to be his specialty.

With a feeling of relief, I bade the family good-night, at the earliest opportunity, congratulating myself that I had seen the last of my disagreeable acquaintance. Yet how was I mistaken!

I breakfasted later than usual the next morning, to avoid a second leave-taking; and his mother assured me, with a sigh, that "our John" had gone.

"He seemed to hev something on his mind. P'r'aps," she added, "he'd liked to hev said good-bye to you."

I made no reply; but, remarking on the lateness of the hour, hastily left the cabin.

Scarcely had I proceeded a dozen yards before my attention was attracted by a loud hallooing; and, looking up, I beheld my disagreeable acquaintance of the previous evening coming towards me.

"Yer didn't think I'd leave without a word with yer?" he asked in a familiar tone. "I wouldn't hev done it; an' I've been a-thinkin' that you an' me might as well make a match ov it. I've two pigs an' a bit ov clearin', an' I reckon I could keep yu as well as eny un 'round these parts. Jest say the word, an' I'll start right off for the parson."

I said no word, but *never before nor since* have any feet done such active service. With a bound, I sprang away; nor paused until, faint and breathless, I sank down on a rough bench, in my school-room.

The children gathered around me, and I remember to have heard one inquiring youth ask, "What has skeered the School-marm?" Of anything further I was oblivious, my two weeks' experience at Jones' clearing had been too much for me.

When I again returned to consciousness, I found myself in my uncle's cabin, and Miss Girt bending over me with the kindest solicitude.

Neither she nor my uncle ever asked an explanation as to the cause of my leaving them, for they rightly guessed that the secret lay in my own unhappy, discontented disposition, that had ever failed to appreciate the blessings that had always surrounded me.

While at 'Squire Digby's, my progress had been watched by my uncle, who indulged the hope that I would learn a valuable lesson from my miserable surroundings. Nor was he mistaken. Three years have passed since I assumed the duties of "Schoolmarm." Gentha Girt is now my uncle's wife, and we have all returned to Rockside. I have learnt how to value my father's love and my dear old home; and I trust that in the position where a good Providence has placed me, I shall hereafter *be content*.

MISS RAYMOND'S TRIAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Old 'Squire Raymond was dead and buried. The wreath of white japonicas that had lain on his coffin was faded, the rusty streamers of crape were taken off the door-handle, and the world had got tired of canvassing the sad circumstances of his failure and death. So we all pass away and are forgotten!

And Kate Raymond was forgotten, too, as she sat by herself in the big, sounding rooms, with her black dress, and her pale cheeks, and the unshed tears making her poor eyes heavy!

People had pitied her at first, but they took it for granted she would do "something;" at all events, it was none of their business.

"Well, my dear, have you made up your mind?"

Kate was securing the black rosettes on her simple crape bonnet, with a sigh for every stitch, as old Dr. Smith came creaking into the room, and sat down beside her.

Kate looked up through the gathering tears.

"Doctor, I want your advice. Tell me what I had better do."

"Advice, eh? Well, it isn't easy to advise, under some circumstances, child. The only two places that seem at all eligible to me are Madame Pellair's and the situation as companion to old Miss Beverly."

"I should be more independent as saleswoman for Madame Pellair," said Kate, quickly.

"More independent, possibly, but you would have to work twice as hard for just about half the ——"

"The wages; don't be afraid of offending my ears with plain truths, Doctor," said Kate, with a sad smile.

"Well, wages, then. I should advise you to go to Miss Beverley, my dear, if you can be sure of patience and self-control."

"I am not the wild, impetuous girl I once was; I can be patient *now*, Doctor."

"It's a lesson we all have to learn, my dear," said the old man. "Well, shall I tell Miss Beverly to expect you?"

"When?"

"Say to-morrow?"

"Yes; but, Doctor ——"

"Well?"

"How many members are there in Miss Beverley's family?"

"Only herself and a fussy old bachelor-brother—ten-times as old maidish as she is herself. You may bless your stars you're not going as companion to the old man."

Kate smiled, a little absently.

"There used to be a—nephew, who ——"

"Yes, I know,—Carl Beverley; but he went to Florida, a year ago. At ten to-morrow, then, my dear, I will call for you."

Dr. Smith creaked away in those noisy boots of his; and Kate Raymond went up stairs to pack her trunk, and think.

So Carl Beverley was in Florida! She had known that before, yet somehow she wanted the doctor's testimony to make assurance doubly sure. She was glad; yes, upon the whole, she was very glad. She knew she had treated the honest, loving young fellow like a selfish, heartless coquette; she knew she had half-broken his fond, faithful heart with her airs, and graces, and false smiles, once upon a time.

"I should have been ashamed to look him in the face," she pondered. "I am glad his aunt knows nothing about it."

And she sighed softly, to think how entirely and radically her whole nature had been changed in the bitter school of adversity.

"I am meeker and quieter now," she thought. "I should not throw the jewel of his love from me a second time; but he does not know it—no, nor ever will. A woman can only sit still and take her fate as it comes to her; and oh, how hard it is that we have but one life to live. Perhaps, in the next world, we may correct the errors of this. Heigh-ho!"

At ten o'clock, precisely, the next day, Dr. Smith's well-worn buggy came to the door, for Miss Raymond and her trunk.

"Keep up a good courage, my dear," said the kind-hearted old man. "Miss Beverley is rather trying, they say, but she has a heart in spite of her sixty years and her old maid-hood, and you'll work your way down to it after a while."

Kate hoped so; but she could not help feeling a little discouraged when Dr. Smith had left her alone in the darkened room, with a pair of green spectacles glaring at her from one corner, and a pair of blue spectacles from the other.

"Shut the door, if you please, young woman," croaked the blue spectacles; "draughts are very bad for my sister's asthma!"

"And put a little coal on the fire, Miss Raymond, if that's your name," squeaked the green spectacles; "the temperature is altogether too low for my brother's rheumatism."

Kate obeyed. It was well for her that they had given her something to do, else she must certainly have burst out crying.

Her first day as "companion" was ineffably wearisome. Patiently she trudged up and down stairs, with the macaw's cage, and the squirrel's house, and the spaniel's basket, and Miss Beverley's gruel, and the old bachelor's foot-mufflers; meekly she listened to directions and receipts and harangues without end, until her head ached and her feet smarted and her little hands tingled with the unwonted exertion.

"And now," said Miss Beverley, just as Kate was looking forward to the refreshing possibility of a little while to herself—possibly a delightful ten or fifteen minutes slumber—"you may get Dr. Drowsyhead's Sermons from the top shelf in the library and read me to sleep!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate, feebly.

"And if you should happen to hear me snore, you may read on just the same. It would wake me up right off if you were to stop!"

And Kate, obeying orders, read herself nearly into a congestion of the brain.

The next day was harder still. Nothing went right. Miss Beverley seemed determined to be suited with nothing that was done for her, and the old bachelor from his corner growled a chorus to all her fault-findings.

"This gruel tastes very oddly, Miss Raymond," said the spinster. "I don't believe the saucepan was scalded before you put the milk in."

"Yes, ma'am, it was; because——"

"Don't contradict me. I never can bear to be contradicted!"

"Don't contradict my sister!" echoed the bachelor, and Kate subsided into meek silence.

"And I don't think Ponto has been properly washed, Miss Raymond—with one half-pint of cologne and two table-spoonsful of rosewater in his bath!"

"I forgot the rosewater," admitted Kate, ingeniously; "but——"

"Forgot the rosewater!" shrieked Miss Beverley, holding up both hands. "My poor, poor Ponto!"

"Well!" groaned the blue spectacles, "I can believe anything now! Forgot the rose-water!"

"And you have got on that rustling dress again, as I live—the rustling dress that plays the very mischief with my nerves. I beg you will change it at once, Miss Raymond!"

"And before you go up stairs, I wish you would put those newspapers straight on the centre-table. I can't bear to see them all crooked," growled Mr. Beverley.

Kate set the newspapers mathematically straight, changed the obnoxious crape-trimmed dress, gave Ponto a second bath, with the regulation quantity of rosewater in it, and prepared a new portion of gruel—and even then Miss Beverley was not satisfied.

"I think the macaw has drooped ever since you came, Miss Raymond. Are you sure you are not neglecting him?"

"I try to do my best, ma'am."

"Actions speak louder than words—and I'd like to know if you call this lace collar done up!"

"Is it not right, ma'am?"

"Right! I wouldn't wear such a rag! Not a particle of starch in it."

"I did starch it, ma'am; but——"

"Don't answer back," groaned Miss Beverley, with both hands uplifted in front of her. "If there's anything that upsets my nerves, it is being answered back!"

Day after day passed by in very much the same style, and Kate Raymond grew paler and quieter with each revolving sun. At first her proud spirit had rebelled.

"I cannot endure it," she had thought.

But then came the bitter remembrance that she *must* endure it—that she had neither home nor friends to flee to!

And when, at the week's end, Miss Priscilla Beverley paid the astounding sum of two dollars into Miss Raymond's shrinking palm, she felt that it had indeed been hardly earned.

"There's one good thing about you, Miss Raymond," said the spinster, parenthetically, as she counted out the bills—"one quality that none of my other companions could ever suit me in; you never get out of temper. You've never once lost your patience the whole time you were here; and yet I used to hear, a year or so ago, when my nephew Carl was at home, what a changeable, fickle, impatient little thing Squire Raymond's daughter was."

Kate colored, and the tears started quickly to her deep brown eyes.

"No," said the old bachelor in the corner, whose whole life seemed nothing more than an echo to Miss Beverley's energetically expressed opinions; "no, Miss Raymond never gets out of temper *now*!"

"I suppose I must be very much changed," said poor Kate, as she went on with her wearisome work of threading steel beads for a purse which Miss Priscilla intended to manufacture some day. "And, indeed, I hardly feel like the same person that I was on my eighteenth birth-day."

"How old are you now?" asked Miss Beverley, searchingly.

"I was twenty last month."

"Humph; only twenty? Well, I suppose you'll be getting married some day, and I shall lose my companion."

But Kate gently shook her head, without even looking up.

"I shall never marry," she said. "Nobody cares for me now."

"There, James, I told you you'd knock that vase off the window-seat if you insisted on leaving it there," lamented Miss Beverly, as a sudden crash of breaking china interrupted Kate's voice. "Run, Miss Raymond, and don't let the water soak into the carpet, for pity's sake! I don't see how men can be so careless."

And for once the old bachelor had no word of excuse to plead for himself.

"Miss Raymond," he said, in a low, hurried voice, when his sister's temporary absence had chanced to leave them alone together, half an hour or so later, "you said a little while ago that nobody cared for you. That was a mistake."

Kate Raymond looked up in surprise.

"My nephew, Carl Beverly, cares for you; he has never left off caring for you. If he thought you would ever look kindly upon him again——"

But Kate shook her head.

"I am sure you are wrong," she said, trying to steady her faltering voice. "I treated him too capriciously—too unkindly. I think he *did* love me once; and I should like to have him know, some day, when he is happily married to some woman who is worthy of him, that I loved him better than he thought; that—that—when I was coldest in my manner, my heart within me was most tender. It is too late now to say these things, and yet——"

"But it isn't too late," interrupted the old bachelor, solemnly, rising out of his chair, taking off the blue spectacles, behind which sparkled a pair of brilliant black eyes, removing the rusty wig from a profusion of chestnut-brown curls, and spurning the wadded, flannel dressing-gown from him with a contemptuous motion.

Kate rose to her feet with a hysteric scream:

"Carl!"

"*Is* it too late, Katie! Tell me! This last week has taught me how good, how gentle, and how patient you have grown, and I love you better than ever I did before. Can you forgive me for the *ruse* I practiced to learn whether I might indeed aspire once more to your hand?"

Kate Raymond said "No," at first, but she said "Yes" afterwards, when Carl had convinced her of the perfect propriety of his conduct.

"And did your aunt know?"

"It was she who insisted upon it, Kate. She wished to prove the temper she had heard was so fickle and uncertain."

"And she's perfectly satisfied," sounded the spinster's voice behind them. "Well, well, I see I shall have to look out for another companion, Carl."

And the old lady's wedding present to Miss Raymond was a diamond brooch that a queen might have worn.

—With what different eyes do we view an action when it is our own and when it is another's.

WIT AND HUMOR.

At a large dinner-party lately, the cool weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amidst an awful pause she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but then they are not my own." Her husband blushed scarlet.

A person designated as "A South-western poet" recently died in the South-west, whereupon a youth-western editor discourseth thus: "Young in years, but old in achievement, he has cleft for himself a niche in the temple of fame, over which we now see hovering for an instant his spirit, a rainbow formed by the light of genius shining through the waters of truth."

A modern Amazon on her way to a convention asked for a seat in a crowded car. An old gentleman with keen eyes, inquired; "Be you one of the woman righters?" "I be?" answered the undaunted heroine. "Do you believe that a woman has the same rights as a man?" "I do!" (emphatically.) "Well, then, stand up and enjoy 'em like a man!"

A Cockney inquired at the New York post-office the other day for a letter for "Enery Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "You've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch! It begins with a ho! Look hin the 'ole that's got the ho's!"

"Wherever you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker. "'Tain't so, by jingo," responded one of his auditors; "if you'd only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind." The lecturer "caved," without trying the experiment.

An old lady living on Staten Island, who is a strong advocate for "female suffrage," says she has paid taxes on her dog for ten years, that her patience is getting worn out, and that *if she can't be allowed to vote, she will kill the dog.*

A woman was taken to the Tombs the other day for drunkenness, wearing a silk dress, a stylish hat, and a seventy-five-dollar shawl; wherefore the justice let her off on the ground that she was a woman of "good *habits*."

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

A Maryland man, who has arrived at the ripe old age of one hundred and two years, was married the other day to his second wife, and the couple are now on a bridal tour.

"Why do you always buy a second-class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser. "Because there's no *third*-class ticket," was the unexpected but satisfactory reply.

A stammering individual recently horrified a happy family by stating that he had "just left the husband and father s-s-*eating* himself leisurely in the Park."

Tea is so scarce in Mexico that they haven't even *drawings* of it, and there are no *grounds* for supposing that they have any coffee.

Oh, woman, loveliest of created beings! to thy virtue we give love, to thy beauty admiration, and to thy hoops the whole pavement.

How can poets be eternally singing about the "*peaceful stars of night*," when every luminary in the sky is a perpetual *revolver*?

Do the ladies like tall or short men best? We don't know as to the latter, but everybody knows that ladies are fond of *Hy-men*.

"Can't you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?" "No; you already owe me for that on your bones."

An Atrociously Good Conundrum.—Why is a fifty-pounder gun like a rain-shedder? Because it is a number-L-er.

Why is a constant attendant upon auctions an unpleasant companion? Because he is for-bidding.

Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

Rather a mis-nomer—calling a *drinking* cup a *gobble-it*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A Williamsburgh butcher played a "big game" on the keeper of a swill milk establishment not long ago. He went to the stables of the latter and falsely informed the employees that he had bought 25 of the cows, which they delivered to him, and which he drove off and slaughtered at once, selling the meat to Brooklyn butchers. For this he was arrested and indicted, and will probably work out the value of the cows in State's Prison.

The other day, an old lady of Pittsburg, Pa., bought a black cat, from which she took three drops of blood to give to a child sick of croup. Her excited neighbors were about to mob the old lady for witchcraft, when the authorities interfered. Twenty witnesses proved in court that the child recovered instantly on taking the sanguinary dose of catnip.

Washington is said to be overrun with lobbyists, small politicians, adventurers, and general swindlers. They infest the White House and all the Departments, but especially the Treasury. They have all sorts of claims and schemes on hand, and any official who attempts to thwart them is fearfully worried with their enmity.

European papers report an extraordinary hail-storm at Florence, a few weeks ago, which smashed things rather roughly, and pelted the inhabitants and other living things with hailstones varying from the size of pigeon's eggs to that of goose eggs. One measured four and a-half inches in length by four in width.

Two men were found hanging on a tree, along the North Grand River, Missouri, last week, with the following placard posted alongside of them:—"Hung on the confession of the murder of T. Mitchell, of Buchanan county." It is supposed that a Vigilance Committee hunted up the murderers and hung them.

Garibaldi's youngest son, Ricciotti, recently said, in a speech in London: "My father, in 1860, called our king 'a monarch most brave and wise.' I do not know my father's thoughts on that subject *now*; but I do know that *every Italian thinks my father made a mistake at that moment.*"

A widow lady named Beatty, living near Sherman, Texas, was in the act of getting on a horse, when a common sewing needle, which stuck in her dress, caught in the saddle and was driven in her body near the breast, slightly piercing her heart. She lived only about half an hour.

Infernal Barbarism.—A gentleman who was taken sick with yellow fever on board a Mississippi steamer, was put ashore, and remained on the river bank for two days, was robbed of his clothes and money, and finally died of starvation and neglect.

Henry A. Wise, in a recent speech at Richmond, Va., declared, in the presence of a large assembly composed of persons from all parts of the State, "that the annihilation of slavery was alone worth all the loss and cost of the war."

A New Haven paper says there have been an unusual number of marriages in that city recently, but that the Superior Court has beaten the clergy by unmarrying more couples than they have married.

A Vermonter recently married his cousin, a girl only twelve years old; whereupon twelve other Vermonters rode him on a rail; for which a Vermont justice fined them each five dollars and costs.

An offender was taken before a Tombs justice the other day for the sixty-third time. The justice naively remarked that the State had better come to some compromise with the prisoner.

A can of benzine exploded in a house in Boston the other day, whereby one woman was burned to death, and another burned so badly that she was not expected to live.

An ex-member of Congress was killed near Albany last week by a yoke of oxen that ran away with him, upset the cart in which he was riding, and broke his neck.

A German newspaper of this city boasts of a German fellow-citizen who is the father of fifty-eight children, twenty-eight of which are daughters and thirty sons.

A Kentuckian sixty-five years old "proposed" to a girl of seventeen, who refused him, whereupon he blew his brains out with a double-barrelled shotgun.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XIV.

FLAT DAYS.

Whoever has spent a few weeks in Paris has doubtless passed now and then, in the intervenings enclosed by the Palais Royal or elsewhere, groups of young children at play, and been enamored by their unconscious spirit, freedom, and grace of action. The French consider this observation, centuries ago—The English take their pleasures sadly"—will be brought to his mind at once. Nothing becomes more when he assumes an attempt at festivity on the part of the delightedly-unconscious or of their chaperones on this side of the Atlantic. Our Scotch-Irish settlers in almost every New Hampshire township with them from the other side a broad humor, a love of fun, a spirit of hospitality, a regard for kinship and clanship, which has not wholly faded out in my boyhood, or been drowned in the sea of Democratic equality which in the mean time over the continent, submerging the ideas of honor, Huguenot, French, and many other diverse origin, which had for a season gleamed above the waves. The low-born, rudely bred Englishman has but one learned habitual pastime: he enjoys himself—by getting drunk. We have modified this somewhat, but, on a small scale, self-respecting people have hitherto always found themselves few fellow-guests, and able to make the best use of those they actually took.

Fifty years have passed since I first stole down, one foggy morning, to the Hudson river, and through the west side of my father's farm in New Hampshire, gathering my line of the dimmest, to fill a tube almost instantly, and, hauling up every in a nice speckled trout. I had tried to fish before, but without success; henceforth, through boyhood, I was an enthusiastic, perseveringly fisherman, and became a master of the art. The modern sophistications of fly and reel were unknown; and New England's rivers, streams, brook, line and sinker gave adequate scope to my skill. Sometimes, very rarely, a worm would be had to expect if he bit; but fishermen were few, and fishing-tackle was dear, in proportion to its value, than the cleaning away of weeds has since made them, while fishes—especially trout—were rarer and less lurking: so fishing was largely the pleasure of the gay and the business of the grave. Our rivers, unvexed by mill-dams, flowed in their channels with small, limpid current, and afforded some salmon, as well as lots of non-descript species. Here the sea was not near enough for us visited by adventurous parties, intent on a week's profitable sport. Winter brought us the single shad of fresh cod, frozen as soon as fairly out of water, and as the retaining the power with which man vanishes forever; and I reckon that, down to 1860, the people of New England had eaten many more pounds of fish than of beef and mutton together—perhaps of all meats over those obtained by the chase.

In Vermont, the clay soil of the Champlain valley discolors the brooks when full and repels the trout; but the shad, which have not yet learned to abound in perch, bass and sunfish, while the Connecticut, Merrimac, Androscoggin, Kennebec, and other large streams of the eastern country of the Southern and Western States, from Hampton, N. Y.—is in spring the resort of a small, gregarious fish, which, with a few gills, nets, and seines, come up from the Lake to spawn, and are caught in such numbers as to be a source of profit to many through the spawning season—one of them sometimes taking to swim—until the banks of ice, left upon the land by the receding floods, often lie slowly melting along the banks. The method usually adopted to maximize eastward stages like a hornet as you enter it; so that, if the nets were not open, it would be disagreeable; but I have often, when ten to twelve years old, gone to the river and waded in for my father took the deeper track, which increased him up to the neck; digging up his nets, out of command, and then gathering up our net and carrying it out again, and so on, for two or three six or eight. I have known a dozen taken at one haul; but the most most extraordinary, in Summer, we sometimes caught a fine plice or cod with hook and line. The most productive of fifty-foot calcareo-y which the blended creeks from the hills to the river; but fishing here was not known for any spontaneous less persistent than I chose to be at any one time to devote to the sport. Between a wooded slope, where the fall dressed all it would for me, and, from 5 to 7 P.M., without intermission, filled with a trite, and then half my way up the hill to the house, a distance of the forest little to the road, and so home, pondering on the fickleness of fortune, and wondering if my spirit would ever be sufficiently shook fever. I always had my weeks' work allotted me, and could not be excused or indulged in redeeming at least the Saturday afternoon for my favorite pastime. And I wish here to bear my testimony against a current theory which I regard as mischievous, that work, and prefer hunger and rags with idleness to thrift won by industry and patient effort.

There came a day, early in June, 1815, when I had ransomed from toll the afternoon for perch-fishing in "Inmon pond," a lovely tarn, lying lonely among wooded hills in Fairview, some two miles east of our home. I was undeniably in the dumps that day. I was twice compelled to desist from labor and lie down; because my mother judiciously urged me to let the fish alone for that day, for the sake for my health. I had not fished for months, however; the day was glorious; I was full of the feeling of sovereign in the sense that it would prove a failure so far as my system was concerned; and the full enjoyment of abundant excursions, however brief, in that line was generally borne. I recollect on the Fourth of July, long ago, that an excursion to Long Hook was arrested—and none seemed specially to inviting; so I overruled my distrust, and went. At 11 A. M., we passengers, some half dozen in number, were debarked, by small boat, on the lank side of the Hook, which we found a sand-heap, thinly bristled with bushes.—In solitary dwelling inhabited by the keeper of the light-house, whose limited stock of bread and meat were scarcely adequate to the multitude each. Our steamboat had returned to the city for a load; and we two hushed, and killed time as well as we could, until she returned,—running aground, as she attempted to land, at the pier, 2 P. M., and would dreary hours—hungry, thirsty, and sunburned. Being put, we found ourselves in a large battalion distinguished throughout the city, from all other organizations, by the fact that it was on the outer range of vision. At length, we partly fired a gun, and marched off, and, as midnight, we were landed at the Battery as thoroughly wearied and disgusted as any large disorganized assemblage ever was, or ever grew ultimately to their homes. I have never since been lured after a sea-trout excursion.

JOHN ADAMS.

People are mistaken who suppose that we Americans have no aristocracy. We have perhaps as many as other countries, though we do not call them by that name. Instances with which new formers are made and unmade by the popular will, are always occurring. The Adams family, for example, which descended from Massachusetts, has grown on steadily increasing in wealth and consideration from the beginning of the present century, and the family estate still comprises the homestead of the first John Adams, who was the grandfather to the second President of the United States, and consists of nine acres and one hundred thousand dollars. His son, John Quincy Adams, who is to be the subject of this article, was, Charles Francis Adams, now minister to England, and a son of the latter, Henry Adams.

John Adams was born October 19, 1735. His father was a farmer, and lived in what was then in good circumstances; and, following the custom of the time, determined to educate one of his sons for the ministry, and chose John for that purpose. Thomas Hollis, of Old Governor would have taken precedence of all the Adams, but he died without issue. He also founded a chair of the English literature. John Adams was graduated at Harvard College in 1755. On State occasions, when the class entered in the order of seniority, the Governor of Massachusetts calls on that he would not have held a position in the class of 1755 so high as that which he occupies were persons of greater consequence than himself. The students are arranged in accordance with the supposed social standing of their parents, and John Adams graduated until the year 1769, after which the appointments were made according to merit. In this he did what almost all poor students did at the time, he taught school, and he was engaged in the Smith's Academy in Braintree for the profession. He left Braintree in 1758, and commenced the study of law, some attention by his speech, which led to his being employed in a case which was to be argued before the Governor, and that three weeks after, he had a case to argue himself. From that time he was sent for him and a man to attend him. In 1764, he married Miss Smith, a lady of fortune, in one day, and I intend on my other.

When the time came for him to choose a profession he discovered in his mind a decided preference for that of the law.

"I saw," he tells us, "such a spirit of dissipation and extravagance in the study of the law, that I protest I must take my side and prosecute as positively as I could the study of theology. I therefore left Worcester, and that three weeks after my brother was sent for him and a man to attend him. In 1764, he married Miss Smith, a lady of fortune, in one day, and I intend on my other."

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His father had now done for him all that he could afford, and he was in a station that he considers and appreciates to be a very humble one. His intercourse with the bar was somewhat embarrassed in entering the profession of the law, which he had chosen. He was a stranger to most to one of the lawyers of Worcester, and he was not introduced to them by any of his friends. In his circumstances and others placed himself in his own hands, and he was compelled to rely on considering the matter for a few days, that he would go to Boston, and open an office there in the town, and that he should pay him a fee of a pistareen for every advice which he might be consulted. The young man jumped at this offer and took a room immediately, and became a law student. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and began to practice in Boston, where he deserved to set up in the practice of the profession.

His father lived down at Braintree, a small and obscure town distributed by the Massachusetts, there was very little chance for a young lawyer. The people were all farmers, and were not in the habit of employing lawyers. It was not until after his marriage that John Adams's practice became extended, and he was enabled to marry. His marriage took place in 1764, and immediately resulted in this world: for not only was the lady who he had married a woman of accomplishments and sense, but, being a member of a numerous and influential family, she brought her husband a large increase of business. He was then twenty-nine years old, and had been admitted to the bar about five years.

The Stamp Act Colonies President ever held was that of road-master in the town in which he lived, and he was next entrusted with three offices at once—namely, that of assessor, overseer of the poor; the duties of all of which he discharged to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens during the following Act agitation of 1765, that he began to exercise the functions of a country lawyer. One of the odious and tyrannical measures of the royal government was, to obtain all the courts in the colony, which put a sudden termination to the business of the lawyers.

"I was," says Adams in his Diary, "just now getting into my gear, just getting under sail, and I was struck upon the ship! Thirty years of my life are passed in preparation for business. I have had perpetually to struggle with a constitutional timidity of enemies to encounter; an friends; or and many assist me; so that I had gropped in dark obscurity for the first part of my life, and have never had gained a small degree of reputation, when this execrable project was set on foot by my ruin, in which all the Americans in general, and of Great Britain."

In fact, while he was indulging these gloomy apprehensions, he was astonished to receive a letter from Boston informing him that that town, by a unanimous vote, had appointed him one of its representatives to appear before the Governor in support of the memorial praying that the courts be reopened. This measure of trusting the people of Boston was not long persisted in; but the honor conferred upon him by Adams, by no means pleased him. Boston, brought him into increased prominence, and opened the way for more valuable offices than had previously fallen to his share.

In Boston, where he continued to reside down to the period when he was called to the service of his country in the Revolutionary war.

One of the most honorable circumstances that was defending the British soldiers who participated in what is called the "Boston massacre." An altercation having arisen between the soldiers and some of the town's people, a collision took place, in which several of the latter were slain, and wounded. Being put, at length, to the necessity of defending them. It was honorable to employ them in their defense, but they could have considered the right of those soldiers, odious as they were, to a fair trial, and respected the courage of their favorite in volunteering to defend them.

When the first Congress was summoned to meet at Philadelphia, John Adams was one of the five gentlemen elected to represent the colony of Massachusetts. It was a memorable year, will and his interest that he accepted the appointment. In the Declaration of Independence, he said, by Mr. Jefferson, he bore especially a leading part. There was a boldness, decision, and fire about him which commanded the confidence of the most wavering minds. When the great measure was proposed on the second day of July, he was at home, and wrote that celebrated letter to his wife, which he said would be the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It was ordained and established by the people of these United States, by solemn, great, and glorious days, and to be celebrated by them, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it—which, I trust in God, we shall not."

The leader will observe that the anniversary of the second day of July as the one which posterity would celebrate, instead of the fourth, on which day that the great decision was made by Congress; but the Declaration of Independence was formally approved and signed on the fourth of July, 1776, which has since been celebrated as the birth-day of the Republic.

With his services in promoting the Declaration of Independence, the great part of Mr. Adams's life ended. He was, soon after, appointed to go abroad as one of the ambassadors representing the United States at Paris; but never seemed to be a man less at home in a Court, or less adapted to the duties of a diplomatist. His republican blood nor respected the people among whom he was sent. He was also greatly out of health and comfortless. At the same time, he was curiously impressed with a vanity that was ridiculous. He possessed with a vanity the most egregious that ever existed in the mind of a man. Franklin, the celebrated French minister; he perplexed Mr. Franklin, he was one of the most simple and unaffected men in the world, as well as one of the most honest and upright. Mr. Adams was a man of the world, and, as such, he was out of place in France, and rendered himself so. He never gained any influence at the Court, and, some time after the conclusion of the treaty, he was ordered home from the Hague, where he had served as Vice-President under the new Constitution. He was elected to that office in 1788, and, only for eight years, at the expiration of which he succeeded Mr. Washington in the Presidency.

His same qualities which made him a bad negotiator prevented his acquiring credit as the political magistrate of the nation. He was a man of sense, and he was wedded to certain principles from which he could not prevail on him to relinquish the confidence of the masses. He was a man of republican form, but he was not a man of feeling of the nation was setting powerfully in the democratic direction. He was a man of honesty, his quickness of temper, his total want of self-possession, his blind zeal for what he had called liberal or others continually offended and disgusted. He was not a man to have won his friends and supporters. After his defeat by Jefferson, he was succeeded in place by a tornado of democratic feeling.

In the year 1800, the country was considered as a disgrace, and Mr. Adams was, for many years, regarded as a man who had been tried and found plain and found wanting. His grandson has, however, done much to restore the character of his ancestor. It may be counted by thousands while those of the latter are counted by hundreds. Mr. Adams's grandson, however, as party passions subsided, the real merits of the second President of the United States were recognized, and his errors and foibles were first forgotten, then forgiven. During the last twenty-six years of his life, he lived upon the property of his father, and he was the owner of the farm on which was that of his own father and grandfather. He lived to the age of 90, and died on the dawn of the fourth of July, 1826. A few days before, a gentleman from Quincy, who had asked him to give a toast, which should be presented at the fourth of July celebration, received from him. The old man said:

"I will not drink a valedictory. INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

"Will you not add something to it?" asked his visitor.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The toast was presented at the banquet, where it was received with deafening cheers; and although the old patriot was not there, he was the patriot passed away. Among the last words that could be gathered from the dying lips were these:

"Thomas Jefferson still survives."

But Thomas Jefferson did not survive. On the same Fourth of July, a few hours before, Jefferson also departed this life. Few events have ever occurred in the United States more thrilling to the people than the death, on the same anniversary, of the nation's birth, of these aged, venerable, and venerated public servants.

The remains of John Adams and his wife re-

pose, side by side, in a church of the town in which they lived. Beneath a bust of the President, by Hezekiah Greenough, may be read the following inscription, written by John Quincy Adams:

Beneath these walls
Are deposited the mortal remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susannah (Boylston) Adams,
Second President of the United States;
Born, 19 October, 1735;
On the Fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his life, his fortune, and sacred honor
To the independence of his country.
On the 4th day of September, 1797,
He entered his seat as the inflexible friend with Great
Britain.
When acknowledged that independence
And consummated the redemption of the pledge.
Born November 15th, 1744,
Married 25 October, 1764,
April 14,
Married Louisa Catherine Johnson,
Who survived him more than half a century
They survived in united affection.
Their children,
The tempests of civil commotion:
Worship unshackled by conformity,
The terrors and trials of that revolution
Which established the liberties of his country.
Impressed with the conviction of their value,
And brightened their transmission to posterity,
To the sons of the Pilgrims,
This tribute
From three time spent by worthy duties loam;
From Quincy's dreams to active virtue turn;
And from the patriot's life, the statesman's page,
And serve, like them, thy country and thy age.

ATTESTED LOCOMOTION

Grace Greenwood's delightful Country figure which the most symmetrical proportions cannot produce—namely, that of "Attested Locomotion." It may indicate entertainin mistakes upon the what the people in the train of the Presidential party may demonstrative seeing her the high-tracked gait of Queen Victoria, or the Empress Eugenie, or Lord Palmerston to show off their brilliant styles of locomotion at the Paris Exhibition. The tall, slim, graceful creatures with trailing garments, white morals, and a general air of purity, are the very ideal of that sort of parochial, is not usually as June-like as the more plump and petite maiden who makes her impression by the quickness of her step, and the grace of her movements. Such a figure, to produce laughter that is not ill-natured, must be both long and ungainly. There are inclinations and affectations of every kind, and combinations of them to produce the ludicrous; but the most unlikely sensible one strut, but glide along as if they were afraid that any jar would break the ice. Walking should be an unstudied act, not a performance. Dancing is the poetry of motion; the common acceptance of the term, nor is it necessary that the dancer should be a professional

A RED ROSARY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A tinge of crimson, blue and gold,
Upon the foliage far and near,
Seems like the rainbow wide unrolled,
And stretched across a hemisphere,
Or silken banners fold on fold,
Up-borne by hosts of heroes here.

There the wood-robin's empty nest,
Swings in lone silence on the tree,
Like a sad heart in sighing breast,
Whose thoughts like leaves drop fitfully;
Will spring return the singing guest,
And bring my darlings back to me?

Behold the steepling evergreen,
Its plume unfading waves above,
The painted monarch of the scene,
Emblem of hope and lasting love;
When age like autumn comes, I ween,
The tree of hope will shield the dove.

There stands the poor, old, withered briar,
No blossoms on its stricken stem,
Its leaves are burning in their fire,
Each berry seems a sacred gem;
And Autumn, like a holy friar,
Makes a red rosary of them.

As Joseph's coat of varied dyes
Was proof of Jacob's love sincere,
So the soft tints that please our eyes,
On river bank and mountain drear,
Are a broad mantle from the skies,
Which wraps a favored nation here.

O breeze, the balm of forests bring!
O Indian Summer smiling nigh,
Drop from thy lap the birds that sing,
For winter soon will drape the sky.
Come, oriole, on sunny wing—
One song before the Fall flowers die.

For all its crown of gold the elm
Is casting to the silent dust,
The north wind holds the reckless helm
Of clouds that birds refuse to trust,
And winter hastes to overwhelm
The world with snow and stormy gust.

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BURLEIGH MAKES UP HER MIND.

When Peter Plumb returned to the dingy room where he had left Abner there was a surprising change in his personal appearance, which the boy remarked at once.

Peter had been to some Chatham-street clothing store, and had bought a suit of flashy, cheap clothing and a second-hand beaver hat, and had not been able to [illegible]n from the purchase of a tawdry ring, wi[illegible]red stone in it, which adorned his littl[illegible]r. He was smoking a cigar, and smelt [illegible]or, and was in the best possible spirits.

"Hullo, Luck[illegible]ny! How are we?" he cried, jocosely. "You didn't know me at first, did you? A man don't look like a gent until he's dressed accordin'. I've come into a little annuity, you see, quite unexpected; and now, suppose you get up and we'll give you a rig, and I'll show you a little life,—as nice a dog fight as ever was got up, be t'other one what it may."

Abner sat up on the bed, feeling very much depressed and a little frightened; though the man certainly had intended to be kind to him, he thought, or he never would have promised so many things which he evidently thought were for his good and pleasure. But he did not like him, and wanted to get away.

"You are very kind, sir," he said. "I'm sure I feel very much obliged. But I suppose, if I want to find dear Mrs. Crub and tell her all that has happened to me, I really ought to go right away. Mr. Crub keeps a school, and he is the best friend I have living; and it is almost certain, I think, that they would show me how to earn a living, and learn something, too. She used to have a boy to clean knives and run of errands. I'd rather do that and be taught odd times, as he was by such kind folks, than live anywhere with strangers. Wouldn't you?"

"Well—yes, I would," said the ruffian—"I would. But see here, young un; it's a great pity for you, and I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you."

The crafty cunning of his brutal face increased as he spoke. Any one of experience could have seen that he was lying; but Abner was, after all, only a child, and could not fathom the meaning of the bad man's expression.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Oh, please, what do you mean?"

"Wait a bit," said Peter. "I don't want to scare you onnecessary. Was this here man a school teacher?"

"Yes, sir," said Abner.

"Ah, so was *he*," said Peter.

Abner trembled with alarm.

"So was he," he repeated.

"So was he," said Peter, with a groan.

There was a pause; then Peter said:

"What kind of a man to look at?"

"Very nice—so gentlemanly, ma said," said Abner.

"Ah, yes," said Peter. "And had a wife?"

"Oh yes,—dear Mrs. Crub," said Abner.

"How did she look?" asked Peter.

"She had blue eyes and light hair," said Abner.

"Yes—I knew it," said Peter. "And they lived?"

"—— street, No. —," said Abner.

"It's the same," said Peter.

"Oh! what do you mean?" said Abner.

"Don't ask me," said the ruffian.

"Oh! what can it be?" said Abner again.

Peter Plumb only groaned.

"You'll cry when you hear it," he said, after a while. "Ah, young un, this is a dreadful world!"

Abner had felt some of its woes already. He could only tremble.

"The best on us goes first," said the wretch.

"Are they gone *too*?" wailed Abner.

"I regret fur to tell you, yes," said Peter.

"Both—both!" sobbed the boy.

"To think they should be *your* friends," said Peter.

"My only friends," sobbed Abner.

"And I went to both their funerals!" said Peter.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Abner.

"Both," said Peter. "They died of cholera."

The boy wept.

"It took 'em sudden. Fust, *she* went, and then him," said the ruffian, enjoying his lie immensely, "and they're in Greenwood, under a marble toombstone, with their names onto it, and an angel flying over it,—all cut out in the splendidest manner; and the school is shut up, and there aint none of the old scholars there. It's a world o' dreadful changes, young un."

"Dead!" sobbed Abner; "and I'll never see her, and she did not know that I could not write because Mr. Parker took my paper and things away. She thinks I didn't love her for all her kindness to me. She thinks me a bad, ungrateful boy. Oh! dear, good, kind lady."

"So she was, nigh a'most an angel," said Peter, who thought it all a splendid joke. "And I suppose you must feel very bad; I do myself. But, now I come to think of it, she *did* speak of you jest before she departed this here life. Sez she: 'There's a boy I think a heap of, and he'd oughter writ to me, but he haint. Hows'ever,' sez she, 'I reckon that old feller has took away his paper and ink, or else he's sick, or something. He's such an oncommon boy, I can't think no harm of him.'"

"Did *she* say that?" cried Abner.

"Would I go and say so if she didn't?" asked Peter. "'And more'n that,' she says,—'ef you ever come across him be friendly for my sake; and tell him I said you'd be the best adviser he could get;' with which words she flowed to spears above, young un. I didn't tell you about it when I met you, because I knowed how you'd feel. I kinder kep it to myself. But cheer up. You've got a friend, or a brother, or a grandfather, or any relation you'd like to consider me; and I'll stick to you, Lucky Penny, as long as you're of value—ha! ha! ha!"

And there the man began to laugh, finding his own rich joke too much for him.

"I'm laughing to cheer you up, young un," he explained; "and now let's go and see them dorgs and have our supper."

But Abner was too much overcome with grief to go anywhere, or to think of anything but his lost friends, who were in reality alive and well, within a mile or two of the room in which he had listened to these falsehoods; and Peter left him again to shed bitter tears, and wonder whether he should ever have any one to care for, or to care for him, in all the world.

If Mrs. Burleigh, in her luxurious home, could have seen the child at that moment, her heart would have softened to the little orphan. But, as it was, she only thought of her own poor boy (as she called the pretty child in the handsome bed, set where she could see it by the soft light of the night lamp, as she lay upon her pillow.)

She pitied him with the great pity of a mother's heart as she fancied his life might be clouded by the existence of that other child whom she had robbed of its inheritance; that it was possible that he might even lose all that she had gained for him at some unexpected moment, and be cast, a beggar, upon the world.

She wrung her small, creamy hands at the thought. To her mind poverty was the greatest earthly ill possible to mortal.

"My little darling poor!" she said. "My pretty little darling poor! It never shall be—never—never, while I live. I wish the little wretch had been drowned with his parents. I wish he would die now. Oh, God forgive me, I wish he would die *now*!"

And the misguided woman burst into a passion of tears, knowing well how evil her thoughts were, and that her prayer for forgiveness was a simple mockery until she had repented of them. From the day on which she had married her husband until his death, Mrs. Burleigh had heard constant murmurings against the fate which had made one brother a rich man and left the other to struggle for his bread in one of those gentlemanly and poorly-paid positions to which men of refinement unhappily are too prone to resort.

Then, too, her husband had said so often, "Had I been the favored one, I would have scorned to rob my brother—*I* would have divided all with him," and she had implicitly believed this, knowing Eugene's generous nature, and had been so angry with Albert that she always regarded him as an enemy, even though there was no quarrel; and the rich brother had sent many a costly present to the struggling one, and had given her a silver service on her wedding-day, and brought his wife to her home at once, on his return from Europe.

Perhaps, too, his wife was not wrong when she thought that her Eugene might have lived longer if he had been wealthy. Hours spent bending over a desk in a close, down-town office, had weakened his chest and rendered him more liable to colds and coughs than he would otherwise have been; and he could not obey the doctor's orders and "run away to the country," when such rest might have saved his life. And, out of the tenderest and strongest feelings of her soul, the love for her poor husband and for the baby-boy, about whom he had twined his dying arms, whispering faintly, "If I could only leave you both rich, darling, it could not be so hard," had arisen the great sin of Mrs. Burleigh's life. When she had concealed the existence of her brother-in-law's boy, she had almost fancied herself doing a just and holy action. Now the consequences of her crime were thickening and deepening. The even tenor of her life was broken. The man who had been her tool was now her greatest terror. He had her in his power, and he was a bad and cruel man. He would stop at nothing, and, after keeping her in cruel torture for years, might at last betray her. It had been enough to fancy the child whose existence was the bane of her life safe and happy under a woman's care. She had often thought with satisfaction that good old Mrs. Gault would be a mother to him, and that he would want for nothing. Now she could not be content, knowing that he lived. It ended there—it was in vain for her to deny it to herself. Only to have heard that the poor child was dead could have made her happy.

In the gray dawn, when poor little Abner, kneeling at his bedside, prayed as he had once been taught to—that God would have mercy on him, Mrs. Burleigh arose with her heart cold and hard toward the boy, who stood between her son and his inheritance, resolved that the time should soon come when he could be a terror to her no longer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMPACT.

Abner had nothing in his young mind to replace that plan of going to Mrs. Crub and asking her advice except the thought that Mr. Bunn might undertake to teach him his trade; and when, in Peter Plumb's absence, he went out and found the house, the carpenter and his wife were no longer there. They had moved in May to some part of Brooklyn, and talked of going West. This was all the present occupant of the rooms could tell Abner, and he went home sad and disheartened. Peter Plumb flew into a rage when he heard where he had been, but, after some beer, grew good-natured again, and forgave him. And the boy, knowing that he was anxious to keep him with him, and believing—though he certainly wondered at the choice—that his teacher's wife had confided him to Peter's care, gave up what seemed to be but offering a vain resistance to the hand of fate, and stayed with the ruffian.

He dressed Abner tolerably, fed him, and only abused him when he was intoxicated. Moreover he took him to see his dog-fights, and endeavored to teach him to appreciate their merits, but Abner disgraced him by fainting at the horrible spectacle, and begged piteously not to be taken again. So, afterwards, Peter went alone. He always locked Abner in on such occasions, but he provided him with an intellectual treat in the shape of the Police Journal before he went, and gave him a pipe and some coarse tobacco to practice smoking with. The result of this last act of kindness was a fit of sickness, and Abner gave up the vain attempt, but not the literary treat. In those lonely hours the columns of the paper were perused over and over again, and new interest given to them by the fact that the man who murdered his wife, or shot a policeman, or was arrested for picking pockets, was often an acquaintance of Mr. Plumb's, and the two used to talk over the news as members of Upper-tendom might over the fashionable intelligence.

Then there was the window of the room looking down upon a back portion of a groggery; and Abner used to lean out of that, listening to the talk of the persons who frequent such places and becoming familiar with language profane and obscene beyond description.

Poor Mrs. Gault's good motherly heart would have ached for her darling could she have seen him.

It was such a horrible neighborhood that every thing within it was contaminated.

The little children of decent poor men who would have lived somewhere else, had they had more means, learnt to swear and to call each other filthy names.

A little green parrot, swinging in a cage,—as bright and pretty a thing as ever fluttered through tropical groves,—made one's hair stand on end with its vile language. Men lay in gutters all day. Drunken women quarrelled with each other at their doors. Miserable babies ate rubbish from the gutters, and fought each other for the possession of cabbage-leaves and rotten apples. And, at night, many a horrible "row" made the street ring and summoned a squad of policemen to the spot. These things terrified Abner at first, but interested him afterwards.

And so the month passed, and Peter Plumb began to think of Mrs. Burleigh again. Remembering the shock his shabby appearance had given to the household, he was careful on the day of his second visit to spruce himself up. He went to a barber and had his hair parted behind and brushed out at the sides in a way which was the hairdresser's idea of style, and which was patronized by gentlemen in the pocket-picking and house-breaking line; and he actually put on a clean shirt. Then he went to a pawnbroker's and took out of pawn an immense old-fashioned watch, which the old Jew had held for a long while.

"Now I'm a gent, I might as well look like one," he said, as he dangled the seals outside of his pocket and felt himself at last perfect; "and I reckon they'll think I'm somebody not to be sneezed at now."

And he took a Madison avenue stage for Mrs. Burleigh's residence.

"You'll tell her it's the shoemaker," he said to the boy at the door.

And the youth showed him into the reception room without delay, and in a moment more the swish and sweep of a silken robe fell on his ear again, and Mrs. Burleigh was before him.

This time she did not stand. She locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and sat down in a great brocatelle chair, with a look upon her face which contrasted greatly with her former suppressed agitation.

"Is she going to defy me?" thought Peter.

But her first action assured him to the contrary. She put her cream-tinted hand into her pocket and drew forth a folded paper.

"I expected you and am prepared, you see," she said.

And Peter, unfolding the paper, saw that it was a check for one hundred dollars."

"That's acting lady-like," said he. "You're a trump, Missus. Why just treat me *so*, and you make yourself easy about the young un."

"I cannot see how *you* can be easy," said Mrs. Burleigh. "If money is your object, you can never be sure of anything. I might die, you know; and even if my boy were old enough, I am sure he would not conceal the truth for his own advantage. I may be easy, but *you*."

"What do you mean, Missus?" said Peter Plumb, looking at the lady nervously. "I aint to be tricked, you know. I'm too sharp for that. I——"

Mrs. Burleigh laughed.

"I want to talk with you," said she. "Having gone so far, I'll admit that I am the person who called upon you, and that if the child we know of is alive, I should not like to have him produced. You may have the real child with you, or only some one to be palmed off as the child. In either case it would be unpleasant to have a scene, and worse than that if you could prove his claim. What I want is complete riddance of the little wretch. Take him to the ends of the earth. Hide him somewhere where he cannot return, and I will give you more than you can dream of gaining otherwise."

Peter Plumb shook his head.

"I know my weakness for a public-house. 'Twould all go in that," he said. "A reg'lar salary for me."

Mrs. Burleigh looked at the man quietly

"These windows are barred," she said. "I have the key of the door in my pocket, and outside in the hall is my coachman waiting for my orders. Remember that. Besides, you can have by fair means what you would find it hard to get by foul."

"You're talking conundrums," said Peter, gruffly.

Mrs. Burleigh smiled again.

"I am only giving you a warning," she said. "I am about to show you something of immense value. People have been murdered for less——Great Heavens! what ails you?"

For the man, as she spoke, had turned from her and was grinding himself against the wall.

"Ah!" he hissed; "ah, look! Don't let her get to me, Missus. I see the blood on her cap, and her little old face is whiter than ever. Ah! ah! ah! send her away—the old woman."

Mrs. Burleigh sunk back in her chair unable to rise and fly.

"What old woman? There is none here," she gasped.

And the man lifted his head, great beads of perspiration dropping from his brow.

"No, she aint here *now*," he said. "Don't think nothin', Missus. I've been taking more'n I ought, perhaps. You was sayin'——?"

He leant over his chair-back now, his hands upon it as he sat astride, his chin upon his hands, and there was an abject something in his face very different from its usual brutality. It reassured Mrs. Burleigh, and she went on:

"I said I desired to show you something very valuable," she said. "And I need fear nothing, for at a word you are the possessor."

And she drew from her bosom a small packet, opened it, and drew thence a set of ornaments—necklace, bracelets, ring, brooch and earrings—all of dazzling diamonds.

As they flashed in the light, the man uttered a cry of astonishment and admiration.

The lady smiled, and spread the jewels out upon the crimson cloth of a little table.

"These are diamonds of the first water," she said. "Albert Burleigh's wedding present to his bride. They were amongst her wardrobe. *No one knows of their existence but myself.*"

She paused and looked at the man. He looked at her, his fingers trembling as he unconsciously stretched them out.

"You said, I think, that your weakness was for keeping a public-house," she said. "Now, valuing these fairly, you might do as you chose. They are worth a fortune in themselves."

And she named the value.

The man's eyes sparkled.

"Take the boy where I shall never hear from him again," she said. "I don't care *where*; I don't care *how*; only do it, and those are yours. I may die next week, and you will lose nothing, and I will be at peace if I live. If you find that I have deceived you, you can revenge yourself. I am in your power. But I do not. I swear that these are worth even more than I named. Take them, and name the sum which it will cost to send the boy to—say to Africa—to Australia—and I will give you that also."

"It's a temptation," said the man. "It is a temptation, and I'm weak on one p'int, as you know. Why don't you say send the young un to Heaven, though, if *that* is what you *mean*?"

The lady shuddered.

"I only mean let me never hear anything of him again," she said.

The man nodded.

"Nobody knows anything about it but me," he said. "And look here; if them diamonds is as right as they look, I'll take the boy where nobody will ever see him again that knows him now. I'll swear to do that. Why, what you said they're worth would help a man start three or four public-houses, and no matter if he *did* fail at first. I'll do it. After all it's a square thing; and I'll let you know when he's in—well, as you say, Africa or Australia."

"And you will trouble me no more?" said the lady. "You will go your way,—I mine?"

"I'll never trouble you or myself," said the man. "If these are genuine, why I can show 'em what a public-house is. I'll have a start. You're rid of the varmint and of me for good."

He was in earnest. Mrs. Burleigh saw that.

"Remember *I* don't want any harm to happen to him," she said.

"Only if he happens to die or anything, you wouldn't go into mourning," said the man. "I think I know how to dispose of him where he'll not trouble New York again. As for passage, no matter—I'll pay that."

He gathered up the jewels as he spoke, his face aglow with joy. He hid them in his bosom.

"If these here are all right, why good-bye for good," he said, and shambled toward the door. It was still locked, but Mrs. Burleigh arose and opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Plumb," she said, as her stout coachman turned his head towards them. "Your shoes suit quite well, and I'm glad you are increasing your business. If I have any further orders you shall know," and glided up stairs with a smile upon her face, humming a little tune.

But her face was hard and stern again as she stood at the window of her own room, watching Peter Plumb down the street, and a frightened look came over it when Eugene five minutes afterward rushed into the room, crying:

"Oh, mamma! that man, that queer shoemaker, was here just now! Did you see him? He's cleaner than he was, but just as queer; and he asked me if I was the little fellow that would only give poor Abner Gault half my money, and, said he, 'Not all, ah, dear, well, we won't ask you,'" and he laughed. "Abner Gault—I never *shall* forget that name."

And he did not for two weeks after, when he had some childish attack of illness and was feverish, she heard him mutter it to himself in his sleep, with a little laugh, at least a dozen times.

CHAPTER XVIX.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS.

There is said to be some "honor amongst thieves." In a certain way Pete Plumb intended to be honorable, and Mrs. Burleigh felt that he did. He knew that he only fulfilled his contract by putting the boy where the lady would hear no more of him than if he were actually dead; and as he had no wish to harm Abner, but rather a sort of liking for him, and felt wondrously rich and, as a natural thing, extremely good-natured in consequence, he determined to coax the child to go to sea.

Abner had shot up tall and straight and looked older than he really was, and it would be no hard matter to pass him off for fourteen years old, at least, and he thought of going to Maine, where, in the course of a roving life, he had been once before, and shipping him thence as apprentice on a whaling voyage. It was not likely he would ever turn up again, and if he could but induce him to change his name, it would not matter if he did. Knowing of the boy's fear that the old miser might pursue him, Peter Plumb felt that this would be a very easy matter.

"Ever been to sea?" he asked Abner that night.

"No," replied the boy. "Have you?"

"Spent half my life there, young un," said Peter, lying with surprising ease. "There's no life like it, I tell you."

"It must be jolly," said poor little Abner.

"Jolly aint a word for it," said Peter. "It's all fun and freedom, and the air is so fresh, and there's lots of grub and nothing to do but sing and dance and tell long yarns, and you see whales and porpoises and fish of all kinds, and you get a pocket full of money and have no bother, and see foreign countries, and get all kind of things there—parrots, and monkeys, and shells, and ivory fans, and sweetmeats, and you go where you like and do what you please."

"Oh, that would be nice," said Abner, who had grown weary of the fights in the tenement house and the Police Journal.

"Wouldn't it?" said Peter. "It's a pity you're too small, young un."

"I'm growing fast," said Abner.

"So you are," said Peter—"very fast. Ah, it is a pity. You'd like to see the whales?"

"Oh, *so* much!" said Abner; "and to sail in a grand great ship, and climb up the masts and see the beautiful sea!"

"Yes and get to be captain arterwards," said Peter, "and own a ship."

"Should I?" cried Abner.

"Why if you conducted yourself proper, *of course* you'd be made captain after awhile," said Peter. "Naturally, you know. First you're a'prentice, and then you're a hand, with pockets full of gold and silver, whenever you come ashore, and then you're second mate, and then first, and then captain and owner—ha, ha, ha! such a jolly life!"

"Just like we used to be promoted in school?" said Abner.

"Exactly, young un," said Peter Plumb. "Precisely. Well, it *is* a pity you aint older, but I've got a friend that is a sea captain, and I shouldn't wonder now if he mightn't take you 'prentice. It would be out o' friendship for me if he did."

And poor Abner's eyes grew bright at the thought, and the two talked together about the sea, and Peter concocted an unusual number of falsehoods and told stories of the sea which would have astonished any sailors who might have heard them; and it was decided that on the next day they should start to see "the captain," who was an invention of Peter Plumb's, but whom he represented as a merry, good-humored, handsome man, always willing to do a friend a favor and treating apprentices and cabin boys like his own sons or brothers.

So in the morning, not troubling themselves much about luggage, the two companions left the city and travelling at their ease, Peter Plumb spending his newly acquired money—(he had already sold two of the diamonds and discovered that their value was very great)—with an air which he fancied proved him a gentleman, but which excited some suspicions of his honesty.

The watch he had taken out of pawn ticked in his pocket. He wore a ring on *each* little finger, a pin on his cravat, and great gold sleeve buttons. His scented hair-oil heralded his appearance, and his hat was set sideways over one ear. Under his clothes he wore the belt in which the diamonds were concealed. But Mr. Plumb, despite all his finery, fancied one shirt sufficient for a journey of a week and carried no portmanteau. Clean linen was a matter of minor importance in his eyes, and indeed he washed his hands but rarely, despite the twin rings.

Tidy "Down East" country people marvelled at his general effect, and even the waiters at the stopping-places were not taken in by his airs and plentiful supply of cash. But Peter did not know this, and when at last they reached the vicinity of the town where he intended to ship poor Abner on a whaling voyage, he began to think of precautions and to concoct a story about the boy which would account for his desire to send him to sea. He almost repented of looking so "very stylish," and fancied that it might have been better to have appeared as a poor man. However, that was not to be done now, and he might even send Abner to endeavor to find a place for himself in one of the numerous whalers. The only difficulty was his size and age and his delicate face. Even Peter Plumb saw the difference between that and the countenances of such boys as usually are chosen by sea captains even for less dangerous voyages. When once in Portland he found his task less easy than he had anticipated. There were plenty of boys, and plenty of them found no berths. But the sight of the shipping and the breath of the salt sea air drove Abner half wild with longing to be a sailor, and finally Peter Plumb resolved to leave him with some money in his pocket to his own resources. Many a good-natured captain might take a lad on board under such circumstances, and he was too far from New York to come back again, and now that the idea of a sailor's life was in his mind,

ABNER FINDS PLUMB OUT.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

would end sooner or later, if he lived, by going to sea.

So, late in the afternoon of a bright day, Peter Thrush made up his mind to take the bay down to the sea shore and leave him there on some promising white his sweet back on New York and the train which would start in an hour.

His escapade would be fulfilled and Mrs. Burleigh would hear no more of the boy, when he had filled with such fear of old Peculiarity Parker, whom he had declared to be hunting for him with might and main, that he had promised to call himself John James whenever his name was asked. There was no fear that Peter would look upon, once parted.

He took his bag by the hand and walked out to the water's edge beyond the city. The sun was low, and the water was never very sparkling in the morning light. The magic of sunset, and the smile of the craft about upon the water, softened the scene. Above and down upon the water to look at it. In his own old home he had been familiar with the sea, and sometimes in the night brought back some day of those past times more vividly than most. He turned to Peter.

"Our home looked out upon the water," he said. "We could go down and bathe. Oh, how afraid you are to that I'd get drowned."

"The lady must look you—Ellis," asked Peter.

"Yes; my dearest ma," said Abner.

Then it struck the ruffian that it might be well to know something more of the child's past, and find what friends he might have who were likely to know anything about him. And now this he cared; but as a way of beginning his questions, he said:

"You never had me when the old lady died, or what of. Was it consumption?"

Abner shook his head.

"I never had you because it almost kills me to talk about it, Oh, it was dreadful! She didn't die all at once—no, not at all."

And the boy hid his face in his hands.

"She died by inches!" said Peter Thrush.

"No," said Abner. "If she was I should have a nice home now. She was killed!"

"Ah! Smash up on the railway?" asked the man.

"It was worse than that," said Abner—"ever so much worse. It's been so good to talk to you with her, and it was such a pleasant day. I went to school on Mr. Crook, and Saturday and Sundays I spent at home; and she made me a nice dinner, and we had fun. Oh, I wouldn't like to be asked because it was spoken rules. It was such a nice day. She was sitting in the parlor, and had so much on things and was looking away, she went to the door and watched me down the street. It was the prettiest street, and over the sky-goods store."

"It was beautiful," cried Peter Thrush, with a face turned suddenly to salty wilderness. "It was where?"

Abner repeated what he had said again. The man began to swear.

"She looked after me," said Abner, "and I saw her face, pretty face for the last time. I can only think, Peter—only think that there should be such a wicked an earth—accidently came to and killed her in the night—killed her, oh! Peter, they killed that dear lady, they killed, smashed her, and cut her, and beat her."

Peter Thrush was holding his face away. Abner saw that.

"I knew you'd feel bad," he said. "Oh, if you had known her, and how kind and good she was, you feel bad, indeed. It was the burglars. They said Mrs. Dean mistakes that when she went to the street door, she saw a man with a mask on, and at her through the window in a dreadful way, and she had the most horrible scare you ever in the bank—her rent, I mean, that she had to pay, because she said that it was a burglar. It was her money they killed her. They took it, and my watch, and her silver and everything. And perhaps she fought for them, and perhaps she only screamed. Mrs. Dean thought it was all that; and they killed her. She was on the floor, with blood coming out from her head and white, and her eyes staring wide open, when I first saw her. And that is to see her, and to know."

Peter Thrush was crouching against the side of a wooden building, and leaning and spreading out his hands.

"I say how he said—for how her she eyes stony and staring, and the blood all over the white gash. And how, I say, you can feel to that old woman. Ah! I'd not have hurt her. Every hair stood on end. Then I knew that she is alone! She's going to touch me with her cold hands! I ain't! I'll keep her off! Away from me! I didn't do—I didn't—no, no, no!" and he grovelled on the sand.

And as he grovelled and writhed, he somehow broke clear of the weight he had upon him without knowing it, jerked it from his pocket. It fell on the sandy soil, and the boy marvel it with his blue eyes. He knew the immense, old-fashioned case, the odd engraving and the ornamentation; he knew the letters A. G. on the case. He was the watch his adopted father had given him on the last day of her life. The track rushed on the boy's mind. The man was vowing as his foot was his murderer.

The anguish of that moment was utterly intolerable; the horror was too great to be borne. He had picked up the watch, and was holding it in a kind of immobile way, when the man-monster sprang towards him, and the boy turned and fled.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I'll tell! I'll tell! I know it now. That's her watch—I know it. You killed her. Help! help! Police! Murder—help! help!"

His voice was over the sandy shore, with its shrill, boyish clearness.

The wretch trembled. It was but a little hand that clutched his throat, but it was strong that seemed with the spell of dreary, the strength family. The boy sat on his breast. He had flung him backwards as he sprang upon him, and the small nails cut his flesh.

"Stop! Stop! I'll go the man that killed her—help me till him!" shrieked the maddened boy. "I have lived with dog, old Jacko, that talked to you—and never knew it. I will tell you! I will tell you!"

Peter Thrush had regained his strength. He flung the child off, and held him at arm's length, by a great effort.

He took, of course, no fear of him; but his cries might be heard.

"Stop, young man," he said. "I don't want to hurt you. I didn't know you were—that I didn't know your mother had been killed. You know. I didn't do it—I bought the watch.

"You killed her," screamed the boy. "Oh, you smile on me, you heart me all this time! I saw in your face what you meant. Help! help!"

"You'd better be quiet," said Peter, threatening.

"I never will be quiet," said Abner. "I'll follow you all over the whole wide world till I tell every one you killed her; and, if no one finds it out, I'll wait until I am old enough to tell you myself."

And as he him lay, the boy would carry out the threat—Peter Thrush knew that; and now that he knew who the boy was, he feared and hated him.

When, at a moment when his necessities were very great, he had sneaked into poor Mrs. Gant's room to hide himself, and rob her, he had not intended murder or any premeditated harm, but he had killed her in his terror of detection and his desperation. He had felt the worry, for he knew the name of the woman whose blood was on his hands, as one night, who had seen in accounts of the murder in the paper, or read the papers on the walls offering reward, for the detection of the murderer.

Now he had killed child—the avenger of her blood; one who, young as he was, might lie down and die, bringing back to justice the man, too, whom he had been belied to put out of the way. Before Mrs. Burleigh declared the death of her young nephew now. The thought rushed into the man's mind that, while Abner lived, he could never be safe.

He put his hand over the boy's mouth now.

"Stop!" he hissed; "if you value your life, be still."

But the hand was forced away, and the determined voice lifted itself again.

"Help! help! I'll tell you that you killed her—help!"

And Peter fancied he heard a sound of horses' feet; and, in his fear, struck the child a furious blow—another—and another, choked over him with his heavy fist.

"Be still, you—and mean it; perhaps he did; but the heavy ring he wore cut into the fair temple.

The blood trickled down Abner's cheek, and his head fell, gladly, hanging also the sound of horse's feet, the boy strove to scream again.

But it was not for the child that Peter had killed her," and clung to Peter's garments with his last blow with fast.

It was too much for the brute. A heavy stone lay beside him, and he picked it up, and struck his last blow with that. Then the little hands relaxed, the white face fell back upon the sand. Abner lay prone upon the ground mute and motionless. The murderer stooped over him. A sign of life remained. He lifted up his hands. They fell back, and the head fell back also limply. He was to all appearance dead. And the paler and more ghastly he grew, the more fearful it was time to be lost. Peter lifted the body in his arms, and carried it down to the water's edge. It was rising. He looked over his shoulder. A boat was approaching, and he picked it up, meant to be a little carriage. There was no shade of doubt in the murderer's mind, and blinded by a few flat stones, a little more, a struggling plank, he had sunk the body in the deep water, plunged into the boat, sweeping with slow washes upon the shore, and, with a few strokes of the oars, was out of sight of the boat, and the dead body into the waves. Then he struggled back, and, with a few strokes, was on shore, and away every limb. The little gig had reached the land, and a man standing in it looked at him and spoke to him.

"You must have a fancy for wettin' yer feet, stranger."

Peter looked over his shoulder. The water mid what he had dropped there still.

"I was—I was—taking dressed," he said. "I didn't think the tide would rise so fast."

"It's a queer time for bathin'," said the man. "You look as of you'd took a bath with your clothes on. Ain't you cold? It's a fine day, if I'm goin' your way."

Peter accepted the offer, and went in the opposite direction as fast as he could, anxious to take the first train that would carry him from the place.

When he had walked so far that he could see the smoke of the railway engines, he paused, because conscious that something was wrong. He felt the loss of lightness and a weak and sore accustomed garment. But he had his coat on, and his hat, and his bag. Then he looked at his coat, the truth flashed upon him. His belt was gone. The heavy, swinging, leathern belt, with its skin, he had placed it outside of his other garments, and had forgotten it. It was no longer there—the belt that contained his money, and his other loss, and his next him, for on the road, as he hurried over it he had lost it.

Where? Where? In a moment of terrible knowledge. Standing with Abner's body in his arms on the edge of the water, he had let the money slip from about him. He remembered the sensation of the belt, and the forgotten garment, but the cold heavy burden he bore. Under the water, the belt had slipped off, all those gold and splendid shimmering things that were to guide him to a new life.

And even if he could have found them, he dared not go back. He could look to find no where perhaps by this time Abner's dead body had been found, and the search for the murderer of whom some living man also might stand to see him in the water.

Under the water, under the water, and there was no going back to look for it. Perhaps the belt might keep them to all eternity, but that belief would be a terrible one to him, and he swept up by the wash of waves into the light of day.

Satan had forsaken his servant while he was sinking into the water.

Gone, gone, gone—every stone of all that money that he had taken from Mrs. Gant and her. The brute hissed those words through his clenched teeth. He felt as if he could have himself down upon the roadside, biting his face in his hands and crying like a child. He was in tears so hot that they scalded his hands like drops of blood. He could have flown over the rising whose red blaze was redder yet at one point, where the house of Abner Goslin's dwelt in darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Conundrums.

Charity is a preacher to the covetous. The letter T is nothing to some men, and a pint to others. Seeds time, are by each equally set at naught. The best way to make a friend of money is to be the poor, and poke him on his duty, with an empty purse. Gratitude is the fruit of a tree that he will not understand it. He shuts his eyes as tight as he can, and then he can't see it. Be generous to those, and you'll be generous to you. Be kind, and you'll be kind, and you'll be kind to be kind.

THE RICH MAN'S LEGACY.

The chill October rain was pattering its mournful monody against the plate-glass windows of Mr. Morand's counting-room, and the flaming gas-burners seemed to the handsomest avenues in New York; and the lofty ceiling and its broad cornice of long rose, and the lights of gleaming arabesques of the carpet, and the great spirit lamp grouped around the fourth-hip—the great Montague himself, in a velvet dressing-gown, and with a complacent countenance; Mrs. Morand, in a black silk dress, elaborately trimmed in point lace, with many and shabby places, and voluminous short curls shading her rather faded brow; and Miss Georgina Morand, a plump, golden-haired beauty of eighteen, in turquoise earrings and a dress of blue delaine.

"It's a very strange will—very strange, indeed," said Mrs. Morand, reflectively.

"It's a very satisfactory one, madam," said Miss Georgina, with an elated sparkle in her bright eyes. "Oh, I have no longer to be rich! The Melton can't jeer it over us with their rich cousin stuck in their very faces!"

Mr. Morand said nothing; but he gazed into the scarlet, glimmering depths of the fire with a face so infinitely satisfied that no ounces of gold could have added to its meaning.

"Papa, who was this Uncle Kenneth?" asked Miss Georgina.

"My dear, he was a grand-uncle of your mother's."

"Then—I know that; but how did he come to be rich?"

"My dear, he was engaged, I believe, in the Cayenne trade."

"And when did he die?"

"Some months ago, my dear," began Mr. Morand, in his usual pompous style, "are necessarily the particulars of your inheritance. The lawyer's legal representative states that our ancestral home—"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Miss Georgina, with a stamp of her plump slender feet; "you're always talking about your ancestral mansion! I'm sick of it!"

"Ancestral relative," went on Mr. Morand, without moving a single muscle of his face, "and the property will be ours in a week. The sudden squalls that are a characteristic of a Cayenne climate—"

"Papa, for the last time," said Miss Georgia, coolly, "if I don't think a crusty old miser like you shall be buried in Trinity Cemetery and have his relations out of their own."

"Hush, my child," interposed, reprovingly.

"Can't help it, mamma," said Georgia, audaciously, "and I shouldn't mind a great, deal, saying what you and papa think. But why Uncle Kenneth, believing, for the sake mention anything—"

Mrs. Morand looked in opposition to Mr. Truck's whims, before he left this country, and that he was probably ignorant of your existence, between them."

"So much of the property shall you allow to Aunt Hayes and her children?"

"Not a penny."

"But, papa, the will expressly says, 'his beloved sister Hannah, and her children,' and Aunt Hannah's brother, whom, for the sake of convenience, I will call Uncle Kenneth, remembered his sister Hannah."

"That was probably the last irresponsible word he ever spoke," said Georgia, impatiently made his last twelve years ago—his widow and children are lying in a row. It is no taste of mine."

"That is true, papa," said Georgiana, mournfully. "Aunt Laura is causing a very decent funeral, I believe, waiting for the slim mourning-turers—and then she don't know anything about Uncle Kenneth's death."

"It would only unsettle her to mention it," said Mr. Morand, "and unnecessary trouble in life else; and it would—for such a sin as leave to accept nothing of their property."

"True, my daughter," said Mr. Morand, looking benignly at Georgia.

And well might Mr. Montague Morand smile benignly at his daughter, for his calculations had been devoted to the miserable struggle of keeping up the show of handsome means on a small fiction of debt and mismanagement. Miss Georgina had started into life with the determination to have all the sunbeams, but her partners knew nothing of the dark shadow that was constantly behind her.

Mrs. Morand, with a more elegant beyond competition, and a more delicate sense of honor than her husband or daughter, had seen the stimulants and fruiterers from ranking in and dismissing them, and had contented herself with a dignified and in perpetual fur—in a state of constant blockade with the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick, the hall—a sudden sharp ring at the door-bell—a message from Uncle Kenneth that his nephew was like Damocles, and never knew at what moment the sword might fall.

Now, however, matters assumed an entirely new aspect. Mr. Montague Morand could dash forth with unfilled nose and lofty mien; Georgiana could order the carriage punctually at fifth Avenue, and bought a pair of fast horses and a coupé, and Mrs. Morand could renovate the entire gallery, and talked about a yacht; while Georgiana, in her anticipations, planned the splendid of her ball-room companions, and Mr. Montague Morand, in his study, was already deep in brocade as seven dollars a yard!

"I wish, papa, that you would write to speak with you, ma'am," said the liveried boiling-servant, who had been hanging about the apartment.

"A woman? Why don't you send her to the kitchen?" said Georgia.

"I have referred her to Mrs. Adams, ma'am; but she says she has a letter to deliver to master with Mrs. Morand's own hand."

"Show her up, quickly," said Mrs. Morand, "and I have not half checked off those dinner invitations. Georgia, my dear, you can't object even if you think she is a proper person to enter my husband's study."

"I guess she's respectable, ma'am," said the boiling-servant, grinning.

"It's some book-agent, ma'am, or may be a beggar-woman," said Georgia, "and I'm not exactly in the humor for either."

It was Aunt Laura; a pretty, faded little woman, in shabby mourning and a deep crape veil, who crept into the room as timidly as if she had been a thief, and Mrs. Morand and her daughter two police-officers.

"I did not expect this pleasure, Laura," said Mrs. Morand, drawing herself haughtily up, until the polish-bare barber of her French cap trembled like aspen-leaves in a high wind.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Morand," said the little widower, "but I have been so troubled with the inflammatory rheumatism this spring, and Harry sprained his ankle last week, and I have been unable to get so little time in sew."

"Our expenses are unusually heavy this spring," said Miss Morand.

Laura Hayes looked wistfully around at the elastic window-hangings and rosewood chairs. Georgia blushed, but secretly thought her aunt looked shabby and poverty-stricken.

"I only heard last week, and then merely by chance, of Uncle Kenneth's death," said Mrs. Hayes, after a moment or two of ominous silence. "I have a very small kind of you and Montague, to leave me in such utter ignorance."

"We had no reason to suppose you would be particularly interested," said Mrs. Morand.

"I know what you mean, but I am not numbered in life will," said the widow. "I did not expect legacy you else, Ella; but I was a child old man, and Morton was once very fond of him, you know."

She broke down here, and buried her face in her shabby little pocket-handkerchief.

"Mamma," whispered Georgia, jogging her mother's elbow, "do give her a little change, and send her about her business."

But Mrs. Morand was deaf to the cries of giving "change" or any thing else to her forlorn sister-in-law. She was thinking of her past life, and rang the bell.

"Perhaps you will open the front door for this lady. I am sorry to seem unkind, Laura, but my nerves are really too delicate to be thus upset. Mr. Montague, my dear, I am sure, if he were, it would be quite impossible to assist him personally."

Mrs. Hayes rose up with a dignity all independent of her shabby mourning and veil, and walked out of her sister-in-law's elegant drawing-room as haughtily as Mrs. Morand herself. Her heart was too full and too sore for speech, but the bitterness of her soul was not. She turned off her worn feet forever.

It was nearly dinner-time when she reached her own home—the second floor of an obscure tenement-house in a dingy street, with the splendors of Mr. Montague Morand's Fifth-avenue mansion. A little coal-fire was smouldering on the hearth, and, by its flickering light, she found Harry Hayes on her lazy cushioned sofa, crowned together by the chimney-corner, unconscious of the lapse of time, and dreaming, while Harry, the poor little hero of the sprained ankle, lay on the bed, whistling "Yankee Doodle" to himself that the pain was not very severe.

Before comprehension of her misfortune, as her slow step sounded on the stairs; "are we so small love we cannot pay for a coal-fire? I am so hungry!"

Laura's small thoughtful little Alice, with the story of her disappointment in her mother's tentative footsteps, "Mamma, mamma, Uncle Kenneth is dead!"

"Uncle Montague was not at house, my dear," said Mrs. Hayes, mechanically, and she sank into the whole story. "Don't cry, Harry—there is no use in crying, and Harry, the little boy laid his little boy over scattered on bread and molasses."

"Mamma," said Alice, "I am sure Uncle Kenneth would have left us something."

"Oh, mamma, I am so tired of bread and molasses—but I'll try hard not to cry."

And the poor mother and son Mrs. Hayes's little ones were all tucked up in bed, and Harry, with his foot on a chair, before supper, of the carefully husbanded fire, thinking what a fine thing it would be to be rich, and Alice, with her head on the pillow, and her eyes closed, thinking of nothing.

"I cannot apply for public charity," she thought, the blood involuntarily mounting to her cheeks; "that is the last step. I have still my most starve. Oh, Morton! my but husband! how much I have loved you, and how much sufferings and privations of those you once loved and cherished so fondly!"

And through her blinding tears came back the memory of her husband's handsome manly face and so sorely displeased.

"I think I think Kenneth could see us now, he would forgive it all," she murmured. "Surely, surely, he would forgive it all!"

And sitting there, alone, she pictured to herself the dead man's spirit looking down upon her, and that wish the fragrant shores of heaven, and the angels, and the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

"Oh, Uncle Kenneth! Uncle Kenneth!" she sobbed out half aloud, "you were so generous to you truly, for he loved you, in spite of it all."

Then, with a sudden start, she sprang upon a thrill—a vague sound—she knew not what; she fitted her eyes with wild intensity upon them, in the dim half-light of the apartment, by the open door—and Uncle Kenneth stood before her and silent as the grave.

She was not thinking of tying fire fell on his face.—was it a ghost? or had Mrs. Hayes's distress turned her brain? Was it some wild mirage that had so reality save in her own fancy? Uncle Kenneth by the fire-light, with the old shabby dress of far Cuban—surely, then, this could not be a ghost! Her head was swimming and dizzy but as he had been in the long ago!

"Laura," he said, in his well-remembered

"Don't be frightened, my child," said a dry, composed voice; "I suppose you think I'm a ghost, but I'm not. Where's Harry? Is he out of tea? I'm just home from the tropics."

"Harry is here, sir."

"Exactly so, my dear. Rake the coals together, and put on the kettle."

He kissed his grand-niece, stirred the fire himself, and looked about him with a pleased air. Alice—never seen sparkling like diamonds in the fire-light—was fast asleep in her little bed. Harry, on the sofa, was staring at his uncle with wide-open eyes, and Laura, in her desolate island somewhere, like Robinson Crusoe, was thinking of her husband and children in the desert island, perhaps my narrow escape from the cannibals, of spending Sunday in London when I was picked up by a ship, I came here. I have been cast down with fever, and this old place looks like seventeen poor-house all devils. Where's Laura?"

"Your nonsey, Uncle Kenneth! It was all a mistake, and I'm glad!"

"Was it?" said the old man, shrewdly. "I—I have been a fool, and I'm glad of it. Laura, my dear, you're all right now. Don't cry; there's no use in crying. Harry, my boy, you're a fine fellow, and you shall have a share in my business. Laura, my dear, you're a good woman, and you shall have a home with me. Alice, my pet, you're a little angel, and you shall have a fortune. Now, Laura, my dear, I'm going to have a cup of tea, and you shall tell me all about it."

And he did have a cup of tea, and Laura told him all about it, and Harry, and Alice, and he was very kind to them all, and he was very fond of Alice, and he was very fond of Harry, and he was very fond of Laura, and he was very fond of them all.

And Mrs. Morand and Georgiana were left to their own devices, and they had to pay their own bills, and they had to live in their own house, and they had to eat their own dinners, and they had to sleep in their own beds, and they had to get up in the morning and go to bed at night, and they had to do all the things that other people do.

THE VEIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "HOME SECRETS," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOOD TOUCH," "THE FATAL RESOLVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Four years later, and they seemed scarcely to have passed over the pleasant floor of Aora Lopez' home. The same friends from the sisters below which her afternoon devotions are offered, and the same occupations engaged her time as in former years.

A knock was heard upon her door, and her sister, Dolores Herad, Father Ramon, entered the apartment. He looked both sad and weary, and his features bore the traces of recent mental excitement. He waved the latter away and said:

"What is it, my child? I see the trace of the body now. I came hither to take you with me to the bedside of a countryman who lies over, who needs one of her own sex beside her. She is a Spanish woman, and I think that she becomes so rusty that I could scarcely understand her. She is dying, and she wishes to see one of her own sex. Will you come with me to her bedside?"

"I will go with you, father," said Aora, rising and throwing on her veil, and following the example of her pensive with a precentiousness of her soul that she should find there.

The two ladies were received into with warm smiles of welcome, though her face grew sober enough as she saw the way into her own room in which the stranger lay.

The sick woman on her pallid face rested on the pillow, surrounded by heavy clustering hair of raven blackness, that fell in wild confusion around it. Nearly all their early beauty had fled from her features, and dark circles were around the hollow eyes; and the whole face bore an expression of such loneliness that revealed much of the inner nature of the woman.

Aora regretted the involuntary shiver that passed over her, and a mental supplication arose to Heaven as she recognized in this stranger the hated enemy who caused the ruin of her own life, and one of others who were dear to her.

Dona Gomez—for such was the name by which she gave us this, could waken in her tender heart no feeling of pity for the unfortunate stranger, and she hope grew strong within her that her mysterious foe was suffering the pangs of death, for she vouchsafed the task of healing that erring woman. Her own heart was full enough of the crime she had so recklessly committed.

Aora sat by herself, and when her lord learned from the priest that no hope of recovery remained, Dona Gomez, for only a few more days yet. It was better so, for in the interval she could prepare her soul for what she had brought to others, as for us was now possible. She could not undo the wrong she had done, or shall die. I can not do so. Do you not know that I may have friends enough if I choose to call on them; but I don't choose to call on them, and I am not charity for the life that is scarcely worth saving, unto me I am beholden to you for help. Go away, I say; your presence here can do me no good. I am too miserable a sinner to be benefited by your ministrations."

Nina sank back, exhausted by her own violence; and Dona Inez, believing that a repetition of that time would only increase it, glided from the room, and spoke earnestly with the priest, who was waiting to hear her report of the sick woman.

"She is dying, father," said Inez.

The young widow arose, aware of removing her by any means without letting her know whither she is going. I refer to the woman, and I must have her where I can watch constantly over her. I must find means to win from her a

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confusion before she dies. When I can do so without fear of interception, I will explain to you how important her revelations will be."

"It will not be difficult to carry out your wishes," replied Eleanor. "I shall have a perpetual anodyne administered to her, and under its influence she can be taken to your palazzo on a litter. When she finds herself tenderly cared for, she may feel some gratitude even with a failing mind toward the woman who has been so kind to her. I shall never be, while life lasts, sufficiently grateful for her devotion and unbounded pleasure of rest.

Now welcome as was rest after her long and bitter struggle with want and wretchedness, she most heartily felt, toward her unexpected agitator Jess was not yet dead. Jess had guided the heart of the one she had so fatally loved; she had won from her the fortune she hoped to secure, and the old dame's gratitude covered thick and fast upon her, and in hurrying up all that was evil within her. She smiled against her will, however, and brought to her the information of becoming a benefactor to the family of Jess Lopez, and she finally started off, intending to make an effort to engage, if possible, the lodgings, if no other course came, for she could not bear this laughing to scorn upon her head—upon that brain which had pushed so much mischief, worked so much woe. Yet she might bring rest and forgiven at last only sought to sustain her energy through the night, hours that must precede her passage to the shadowy land.

Her rest could not be the rest of peace of pain before her, and she fell fainting beside a chair. A woman heard the sound from the hall, and came; she lifted the exhausted form in her arms, and, bearing it to the couch and chair, began to apply restoratives.

In a few moments the sigh Nina regained consciousness, and opened her eyes on the face of Mrs. Perkins, who was chafing her hands and temples with the utmost kindness. She looked wildly around, and faintly said:

"That will be better now. I will be away from here at once. I am sure that Miss Leroy has told you that I am a criminal, and I will not stay to it. If I am weak and miserable, I will have a spirit left in me."

"Sir where will you go to, Miss Gordon? Miss Leroy has told me nothing, but I have been thinking to look after you? Miss Jess thought of it, she is a woman, she says, soon you in bad health. This is her house, thank the Lord for it, and if you want what ought to be yours, I think him too for bringing you where the best owner in town of you."

"I don't want her care, and I won't have anything to do with the feudists' party. We pay suppose that I have forgotten or forgiven the injury you did me with your old accuser or that I can submit to be taken care of by you? I had rather die in the roadside than be so basely humiliated."

"Well, I should think that all you're going to do with your money is to put it such nonsense as that. We shall each benefit as far as that dying woman can benefit us, even if she be sufficiently to confer on anybody. You've got to stay here, and you'll be treated like a Christian, whether you like it or not. I expect you'll see whether you will want to pay for us as you could demand, but if you insist on it, the ladies and I can make the house can take my place."

But she was not to be thus easily overcome to take my ingrestion on Nina, and with determination ever stated:

"Why do you call me a dying woman? I am better than anything. I am fatally injured, and I shall soon be well again."

"That will be the opinion of Father Ryman, and he knows a great deal about medicine. But Miss Jess has told me that she is woman in Texas, and when he comes he'll set you what you may expect. I am looking for him every moment, and there's the sound of wheels now. I'll go and see if it's the doctor, and don't you go to getting out of that bed again, for you couldn't go away from here even if you a will being would be allowed by my young lady."

Nina could not control her attempt. She was already made; the weakness of her body came in and the energy of her opposition, and she passively submitted to the quiet till Mrs. Perkins came back, announcing that it was a strange looking man who spoke to her in French.

The physician made minute inquiries in the course of the injury she had received, examined her wounds, and then, considering her condition, gave her own sanguine. Nina's strong life-energy, and with a cheerful manner to those what he had received, and she at length earnestly asked:

"Shall I recover, sir?"

"Be entirely confident—we shall see. Life and death are in the hands of God, and we can only do the best for you, and leave the issue with God."

"I have no fear," was the short reply. "I believe in none, and if there is one, He will do what seems best to Him, and I must submit. There is no use again, for I don't want any one to attempt to save me, and I can leave my dress-ing with the friend who sent for me to me in."

He could have detained him to question him further, but he was tired and hastily left the room. At the door he found Jess anxiously awaiting his coming.

"I see that the sick woman is nothing to me, Mr. Lopez," he said.

"Certainly. If that is what you mean; but she is a woman—and—and—I—I mean, she was known to me in other days. You can trust me, Jess to use the utmost reserve, Dr. G——. A important case? Application, though I do not know that I can undertake to prescribe for a case of the nerves such as she is. Good-day, sir."

Jess saw the doctor out, and then returned to the sick room, and—

"Well, she should be allowed to remain. I will be with Europe cannot save her. There is an acute hemorrhage which will end in exhaustion. Good-day, sir."

After that the old soon came. Good morning, senorita."

Dr. Arnaud entered his carriage, drove rapidly away, and then went into her own apartment to consult with Jess, though some plan of action through which Nina might be brought to make the confession which was so anxious to possess.

Jess was expecting Father Ryman and she would be his companion with much solicitude. He came to weigh, and the maid before him the and history of her unfortunate guest, and asked his advice as to what was to be done.

"I will go in to her, and her of his doom that is impending over her, and try and turn her thoughts to repentance and the confessional. When she learns that all hope for her is over, her terror of death may induce her to prepare and make confession of her sins. My dear daughter, I trust that your merciful kindness to your enemy will meet its reward."

"Oh, Father, only get from her the confession of her crime, and I can forgive her all the evil she wrought me; I can pray earnestly for her soul."

The priest was presently admitted into Nina's room. She supposed he had come in his medical capacity, and she received him coldly.

"I hope you can tell me more about my condition than the doctor who was with me but long ago. He would give me no satisfaction, and I thought it strange that he did so."

Nina gravely and sadly replied:

"My daughter, I am a physician of souls, and I come to you in that capacity. Does that answer your last query?"

Her eyes dilated; her voice arose to a wild cry as she exclaimed:

"A priest to shrive me! I have not come to that! I will not! I am not dying! I am strong within me. I feel it beating in every pulsation, quivering in every nerve. You have not the right to frighten me, for I am not going to die!"

"Alas! my daughter, death is the inevitable doom of all mortal creatures, and to you it must speedily come. It is a terrible weight upon your sinful soul, burden it longer than you must. Let me, then, in the name of God, prepare you for the face that awaits you."

Nina's strength had revived her features, and a flushing of excitement had succeeded her pallor. Nina became half-raised, and the power of speech returned. She was in a state between fear and defiance, and declaring that nothing should induce her to die, she commenced to accuse for the departing soul, but suppressed and interrupted by the priest, who urged upon the door of Nina's room to hold whispered colloquy with Mrs. Perkins, and then returned to the patient.

In the evening Nina slept heavily from the effects of the drops laid for her by Jess. Mrs. Perkins had left her bed while she lay unconscious, aiding Dr. Arnaud's assistance as would bring her to consciousness, and then, from her a detail of the entire case was communicated.

When she came to, and asked for water, Jess was sitting at one side, and suffered the Italian maid who had taken her place during the night to wait with her tablet. She was not yet strong enough to be left alone.

She soon fell asleep again, and the anxious watchers feared that she might pass from life to death in the exhaustion of unconsciousness.

Late in the evening Nina awoke, and her eyes rested on Jess. She looked around her, and the first time she did evidence of perceiving death was in the words:

"Where is the priest? I must send for him. I have something to say to him."

Jess had partially redeemed that promise, though he had not seen Father Ryman, who was by her fearful act, and the most that the man were very few words, and he left the room, knew her sister loved, by confessing her crime to the priest.

Jess went to the bedside, and began to this declaration.

It took many hours to get Mr. Perkins, who was in the house, and Mrs. Perkins, who had resumed her place soon after the departure of Dr. Arnaud, to sustain me. Nothing can hurt me now. All is over. I have found something to say to you."

Jess and Mrs. Perkins were quickly conveyed to Jess; and when Nina awoke from a sleep of many hours, she found Jess and a little nervous. Nina at once spoke:

"Come near to me, Jess, and accept my thanks for your kindness to me. I am sorry that you have turned from me as from an useless thing; but you can be pardoned for it, because you have not shrunk from me, although I did so much to injure you. Will you forgive me?"

"I have forgiven you, Nina," Jess tremulously replied, "and I pray that you may find mercy and repentance as is left to you, and all may yet be well with you."

"Do you believe that? I wonder if that is the opinion of the priest. He has not been to see me in such a strait as I am. Christ pardoned the thief on the cross, and I have asked for the priest, and he has not come. Perhaps he will not have any mercy for such as I am. Jess, I have been down into the depths of sin, and I cannot be be subject to such misery as you have suffered. I am not sorry for my crimes, and I am more deeply concerned there in which I have done you. Can you forgive me for that, Jess?"

"No not fear that I shall hesitate; you may wish to say."

It is a sign from Jess, Mrs. Perkins went into the adjoining room, and the priest entered with her, and knelt beside the bed. She found they Father Ryman, and Nina commenced her confession in English. This man had by hand, possessing the power of speech, and he was able greatly to take down the confession."

Nina's voice was strong, and her words were spoken with much distinctness. She had not been long in the room before the priest was seated, and began to speak very hopeless conversing with the patient.

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TOMB-MELODY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Yes, it is well that earth rich bloom
Weaves fadeless garlands on his tomb!
That blocks of song so sweet, so deep,
Sing buries as he sacred sleep!

And well that in each cozy May
The gentle round his slumber sway,
The grass, who still grasher grow
Beneath his mossy sarcophic bow,

Recognize that no battle-trump
Is ever heard amid his pomp.

But in the wood the very tones
The gold orioss as he dreaming moses.

Yes, all is well: and many a year
Shall Love collate wreathe here.

And Nature teach with quickest bloom
To smile broad spiritual on his tomb:

For Love and Truth were his, and Grace:
Long let us glorify the place,

Singing the songs amid the leaves
In Summer's sympathizing eves.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

THE TROJAN'S FIRST BATTLE.

When we discussed the English ironclad war and the two brigs they were directly ahead of us. The wind was from the southward, blowing a respectable breeze, and we were heading N.N.E., while the vessels of the enemy were for Bermuda, were very nearly in the opposite direction, so that we were fairly broad abeam of each other. At a few minutes past eleven the sloop-of-war fired a gun, and ran up the English flag. Capt. Matthews held a short consultation with his officers, and decided that he would enter into this, his first conflict, boldly and fairly; and in a few minutes more the stars and stripes were flying at our mainmast.

There was one new man on board the TROJAN of whom I have not spoken; and I must speak of him now. His name was Julian Whitcomb, and he was our gunner. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, muscular man, with one of the honest and most remarkable eyes that I ever saw. His experience in gunnery had been considerable, and he was naturally fitted for that science. The two brass guns had been fastened under his direct supervision, and he had calculated upon performing wonders with them. They had been rifled, and he had caused to be cast from patterns of his own make a lot of conical iron shot, shaped very much like an acorn. They had been cast small enough to admit of a jacket of leather, which was very neatly stretched on and stitched, and covered all that part of the shot which came in contact with the chamber of the gun. This leather, prior to the iron shot what the fine linen patch to to the rifle-ball, and Whitcomb felt confident that he was going to get a longer range, from rifling of windage, while the closer range given by the rifling could not help increasing the accuracy of the shot in hitting the mark.

Wallace Parnell, of *Nunsieep* memory, had been appointed gunner's mate, and I suppose he would have charge of one of the brass guns; but he left us. Just as our little tug had been given to the breeze, Capt. Matthews touched me upon the shoulder and said in me:

"Mr. Steele, while on board the English man-of-war you give the same attention to gunnery that you generally give to a science that interests you?"

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"Then keep your hands I give the brass gun upon the poop. You see, my captain, and I expect that you will be willing to give account of itself."

Had he come and tell me that I was third officer of the brig I should not have been so proud and so happy. I accepted the trust most gratefully, and proceeded to do my best.

The first thing the disciplined ship did after our bunting was shaken out was to signalize to the merchantmen, by hoisting our ensign to the wind with their mainmast stock. John Head was in the fore-top with a glass, and he soon reported that the Englishman was preparing for action. And as we could see that we were twenty guns, and probably had somewhere about a hundred and twenty men,—perhaps more, and many, for the English convoys of those times were not apt to be fainthearted,—the prospect finding it difficult to obtain seamen.

However, it was not only evident that the Englishman meant to fight us; but that she intended to run down and sink us if she could do so, and then allow her charges to come along. He apparently had no thought that the two merchantmen-like vessels brig could hold him much of a battle.

And now for Johnson Whitcomb's first not only his gift, but the virtue of his gun.

During this time the gunner had been fitting his matches, and setting the elevation of his gun with care. He was ready for a trial. He had not yet brought his gun to bear upon the enemy, and he